

P S A L M S

*Revised*  
*Hymns*  
A N D

H Y M N S

F O R

DIVINE WORSHIP,

Selected from the best Authors.

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P S A L M C. 2.

*Serve the Lord with Gladness: Come before  
his Presence with Singing.*

C O L. III. 16.

*—In Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs,  
singing with Grace in your Hearts to the  
Lord.*

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M DCC LVIII.

P-S-A-L-M-S

A. N. D.

THE Y. M. C. A.

OF

DIVISION OF



THE Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A.





A  
T A B L E

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# Psalms *and* Hymns

FOR

DIVINE WORSHIP.

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I. *A Hymn of Gratitude to GOD.*

I.

**W**HEN all thy Mercies, O my God,  
My rising Soul surveys,  
Transported with the View I'm lost,  
In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

II.

O how shall Words, with equal Warmth,  
The Gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd Heart!  
But thou can'st read it there.

III.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul  
Thy tender Care bestow'd,  
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd  
From whom those Comforts flow'd.

IV.

Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts  
My daily Thanks employ :

A 6

Nor



Nor is the least a chearful Heart,  
Which tastes those Gifts with Joy.

## V.

Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life,  
Thy Goodness I'll pursue:  
And after Death in distant Worlds  
The glorious Theme renew.

## VI.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night,  
Divide thy Works no more,  
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,  
Thy Mercy shall adore.

## VII.

Thro' all Eternity to Thee,  
A joyful Song I'll raise:  
But O! Eternity's too short  
To utter all thy Praise.

II. *The Presence of God our Joy and Support.*  
Psalm XXIII.

## I.

AS the good Shepherd gently leads,  
His wandring Flocks to verdant Meads,  
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,  
Amidst the flow'ry Landscapes flow.

## II.

So God the Guardian of my Soul,  
Does all my erring Steps controul:  
When lost in Sin's perplexing Maze,  
He leads me back to Virtue's Ways.

## III.

Tho' I should journey thro' the Plains,  
Where Death in all its Horror reigns;

My



My stedfast Heart no Ill shall fear,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me there.

IV.

By Thee with Peace and Plenty blest,  
My Life is one continued Feast :  
Thy ever-watchful Providence  
Is my Support and my Defence.

V.

O bounteous God, my future Days  
Shall be devoted to thy Praise :  
And in thy House thy sacred Name,  
And wond'rous Grace shall be my Theme.

III. *The Majesty and Glory of GOD.*

I.

**D**O Thou, my Soul, in sacred Lays,  
Attempt the great Creator's Praise ;  
But, O what Tongue can speak his Fame !  
What mortal Verse can reach the Theme !

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant Spheres,  
He Glory like a Garment wears :  
To form a Robe of Light divine,  
Ten thousand Suns around him shine.

III.

Before his Throne a glitt'ring Band  
Of Seraphim and Angels stand ;  
Etherial Spirits, who in Flight  
Outwing the active Rays of Light.

IV.

To God all Nature owes its Birth ;  
He form'd this pond'rous Globe of Earth :  
He

He rais'd the glorious Arch on High;  
And floor'd it with the Azure Sky.

## V.

In all our Maker's grand Designs,  
Omnipotence and Wisdom shines;  
His Works thro' all this wondrous Frame,  
Bear the great Impress of his Name.

## VI.

Rais'd on Devotion's lofty Wing,  
Do thou, my Soul, his Glories sing;  
And let his Praise employ thy Tongue,  
'Till list'ning Worlds applaud the Song.

IV. GOD's *stupendous Goodness to feeble*  
*Man.* Psalm VIII.

## I.

**O** THOU to whom all Creatures bow  
Within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!  
How glorious is thy Name!

## II.

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there,  
And yet thou mak'st the Infant Tongue  
Thy boundless Praise declare.

## III.

Thro' thee the weak confound the strong  
And crush their haughty Foes:  
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng  
Which Thee and Thine oppose.

## IV.

When Heaven, thy beauteous Work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring Sight,

The

The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
With Stars of feebler Light.

V.

What's Man, O Lord, that thus Thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy Mind!  
Or what his Offspring, that Thou prov'st  
To him so wondrous kind!

VI.

Him next in Power Thou didst create  
To thy celestial Train:  
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,  
O'er all thy Works to reign.

VII.

O Thou to whom all Creatures bow  
Within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!  
How glorious is thy Name!

V. God the Creator prais'd. Psalm XXXIII.

I.

**L**ET all the Just to God with Joy  
Their chearful Voices raise:  
For well the Righteous it becomes,  
To sing glad Songs of Praise.

II.

By his Almighty Word at first  
The heavenly Arch was rear'd,  
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light,  
At his Command appear'd.

III.

The swelling Floods together roll'd,  
He makes in Heaps to lie,

And

And lays, as in a Store-house safe,  
His wat'ry Treasures by.

## IV.

Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,  
Before him trembling stand:  
For, when he spoke the Word 'twas made,  
'Twas fixt at his Command.

## V.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
Shall stand for ever sure;  
The settled Purpose of his Heart  
To Ages shall endure.

## VI.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
Do Thou to us extend,  
Since we for all we want or wish,  
On thee alone depend.

VI. *Encouragement to trust and love GOD.*  
Psalm XXXIV.

## I.

**T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
In Trouble and in Joy,  
The Praises of my God shall still,  
My Heart and Tongue employ.

## II.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all that are distrest,  
From my Example Comfort take,  
And charm their Grievs to rest.

## III.

The Hosts of God encamp around  
The Dwellings of the Just:

Protection.



Protection he affords to all  
Who on his Succour trust.

IV.

O make but Trial of his Love,  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his Truth confide.

V.

Fear him ye Saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his Service your Delight,  
Your Wants shall be his Care.

VI.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,  
The Lord will Food provide,  
For such as put their Trust in him,  
And see their Needs supply'd.

VII. *Prosperous Vice to be neither envied nor  
fear'd.* Psalm XXXVII.

I.

**T**H O' wicked Men grow rich or great,  
Yet let not their successful State  
Thy Anger or thy Envy raise:  
For they cut down like tender Grass,  
Or like young Flowers away shall pass,  
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

II.

Depend on God, and him obey,  
So thou within the Land shall stay,  
Secure from Danger and from Want:  
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,  
And



And He, thy Duty to requite,  
Shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.

## III.

In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,  
And he will needful Help afford  
To perfect ev'ry just Design;  
And make, like Light serene and clear,  
Thy clouded Innocence appear,  
And as a Mid-day Sun to shine.

## IV.

With quiet Mind on God depend,  
And patiently for him attend,  
Nor let thine Anger weakly rise;  
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,  
And with Success the Plots are crown'd,  
Which they maliciously devise.

## V.

God to the Just will Aid afford,  
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,  
Their Strength, in Time of Need, is He:  
Because on Him they still depend,  
The Lord will timely Succour send,  
And from the Wicked set him free.

VIII. *A penitential Psalm.* Psalm LI.

## I.

**H**A VE Mercy, Lord, on me,  
As Thou art ever kind;  
Let me oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,  
Thy wonted Mercy find.

## II.

Wash off my foul Offence,  
And cleanse me from my Sin;

For

For I confess my Crime, and see  
How great my Guilt has been.

III.

Make me to hear with Joy  
Thy kind forgiving Voice,  
That so the Bones which thou hast broke,  
May with fresh Strength rejoice.

IV.

Blot out my crying Sin,  
Nor me in Anger view :  
Create in me an Heart that's clean,  
And upright Mind renew.

V.

The Joy thy Favour gives  
Let me again obtain ;  
And thy free Spirit's firm Support  
My fainting Soul sustain.

VI.

So I thy wond'rous Grace  
To Sinners will declare ;  
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell  
How rich thy Mercies are.

IX. *Triumph in GOD's supreme Dominion.*  
Psalm LXXXIX.

I.

**T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,  
My Song on them shall ever dwell :  
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue  
Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.

II.

Lord God of Armies who can boast  
Of Strength or Power like thine renown'd ?  
Of

Of such a numerous faithful Host,  
As that which does thy Throne surround?

## III.

Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,  
And change the Prospect of the Deep:  
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,  
Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.

## IV.

For thy stupendous Truth and Love  
Both Heaven and Earth just Praises owe:  
By Choirs of Angels sung above,  
And by assembled Saints below.

## V.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear  
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound:  
Who may at Festivals appear  
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.

X. *Homage due to the Almighty Sovereign.*  
Psalm XCV.

## I.

**O** COME loud Anthems let us sing;  
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;  
For we our Voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

## II.

Into his Presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his Favours past;  
To him address, in joyful Songs,  
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

## III.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in State,  
Is with unrival'd Glory great:

A King superior far to all  
Whom Gods the Heathen falsely call.

IV.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hands,  
Her secret Wealth at his Command;  
The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies  
Subjected to his Empire lies.

V.

The rolling Ocean's vast Abyfs,  
By the same Sovereign Right is his;  
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand  
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

VI.

O let us to his Courts repair,  
And bow with Adoration there:  
Down on our Knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

VII.

For He's our God, our Shepherd He,  
His Flock and Pasture Sheep are we:  
Come then, and like his Flock, draw near;  
To-day his Voice attentive hear.

XI. *Joy in GOD's supreme Government.*  
Psalm XCVI.

I.

**S**ING to the Lord a new made Song;  
Let Earth in one assembled Throng,  
The common Patron's Praise resound.  
Sing to the Lord and bless his Name,  
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,  
Who us hath with Salvation crown'd.

To



To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse  
His Wonders to the Universe.

## II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,  
In Majesty and Glory rais'd  
Above all other Deities :  
For Pageantry and Idols all  
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call :  
He only rules who made the Skies.  
With Majesty and Honour crown'd,  
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.

## III.

Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,  
Whose Power the Universe sustains,  
And banish'd Justice will restore :  
Let therefore Heaven new Joys confess,  
And heavenly Mirth let Earth express,  
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,  
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,  
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

XII. *The Majesty of GOD appearing in Defence of his People.* Psalm XCVII.

## I.

**J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth  
In his just Government rejoice :  
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,  
In his Applause unite their Voice.

## II.

Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade  
His dazzling Glory shrowd in State ;  
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,  
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.

## III.



## III.

Devouring Fire before his Face  
His Foes around with Vengeance strook;  
His Lightnings set the World on Blaze,  
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

## IV.

The proudest Hills his Presence felt,  
Their Height nor Strength could help afford:  
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt,  
In Presence of the Almighty Lord.

## V.

Confounded be their impious Hosts  
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;  
All who of Pageant Idols boast:  
To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

## VI.

You who to serve this Lord aspire,  
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem:  
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,  
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

XIII. *Divine Goodness adored.* Psalm CIII.

## I.

**M**Y Soul inspir'd with sacred Love,  
God's holy Name for ever bless;  
Of all his Favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful Thanks exprefs.

## II.

'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,  
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound:  
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,  
By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

## III.

## III.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,  
And unexampled Acts of Grace,  
His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,  
His willing Mercy flows apace.

## IV.

God will not always harshly chide,  
But with his Anger quickly part;  
Delights his Punishments to guide  
More by his Love than our Desert.

## V.

As high as Heaven its Arch extends  
Above this little Spot of Clay,  
So much his boundless Grace transcends  
The small Respects that we can pay.

## VI.

Let every Creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord; and thou, my Heart,  
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,  
And in this Comfort bear thy Part.

XIV. *A Psalm of Praise.* Psalm CIV.

## I.

**B**LESS God, my Soul; thou Lord alone,  
Possessest Empire without Bounds;  
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne  
Eternal Majesty surrounds.

## II.

With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
And Glory for a Garment take;  
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,  
Thy Canopy of State to make.

## III.

III.

God builds on liquid Air, and forms  
His Palace Chambers in the Skies ;  
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms  
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

IV.

As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,  
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,  
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd :  
All proud to serve their Sovereign's Will.

V.

How various, Lord, thy Works are found,  
For which thy Wisdom we adore ;  
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd  
Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

VI.

In praising God, while he prolongs  
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;  
And join Devotion to my Song,  
Sincere as is in Him my Joy.

VII.

While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,  
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name ;  
Till with my Song the list'ning World  
Join Comfort, and his Praise proclaim.

XV. *The final Prosperity and Happiness of  
the Righteous.* Psalm CVI.

I.

**O** R E N D E R Thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love :  
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past  
Has stood and shall for ever last.

B

II.:

## II.

Who can his mighty Deeds exprefs,  
Not only vaſt but numberleſs ?  
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe  
His Tribute of immortal Praise ?

## III.

Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray ;  
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,  
But always praſtiſe what they know.

## IV.

Extend to me that Favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford :  
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free  
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

## V.

O may I worthy prove to ſee  
Thy Saints in full Proſperity !  
That I the joyful Choir may join,  
And count thy People's Triumph mine !

## VI.

Let *Iſrael's* God be ever bleſt,  
His Name eternally confeſt :  
Let all his Saints with full Accord,  
Sing loud *Amens—Praise ye the Lord.*

XVI. *The Majeſty and Condeſcenſion of GOD.*  
Pſalm CXIII.

## I.

**Y**E SAINTS and Servants of the Lord,  
The Triumphs of his Name record ;  
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs :  
Where e'er the circling Sun diſplays

His



His rising Beams, or setting Rays,  
Due Praise to his great Name address.

II.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,  
The Regions of eternal Day  
But Shadows of his Glory are:  
With him whose Majesty excels,  
Who made the Heaven in which he dwells,  
Let no created Power compare.

III.

Tho' tis beneath his State to view,  
In highest Heaven, what Angels do,  
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care:  
He takes the needy from his Cell,  
Advancing him in Courts to dwell  
Companion to the greatest there.

XVII. *Praise to GOD from the whole  
Creation.* Psalm CXLVIII.

I.

**Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
Exalt your Maker's Fame:  
His Praise your Song employ  
Above the starry Frame:  
Your Voices raise  
Ye Cherubim,  
And Seraphim,  
To sing his Praise.

II.

Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,  
And Sun that guid'st the Day,  
Ye glittering Stars of Light,  
To him your Homage pay:

His Praise declare,  
Ye Heavens above,  
And Clouds that move  
In liquid Air.

## III.

Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,  
By whose Almighty Word  
They all from nothing came :  
And all shall last,  
From Changes free ;  
His firm Decree  
Stands ever fast.

## IV.

Let all of royal Birth,  
And those of humble Frame ;  
And Judges of the Earth,  
His matchless Fame proclaim.  
Fire, Hail, and Snow,  
And misty Air,  
And Winds that where  
He bids them blow.

## V.

United Zeal be shewn,  
His wond'rous Fame to raise,  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise :  
Earth's utmost Ends  
His Power obey ;  
His glorious Sway  
The Sky transcends.

XVIII. *For the Lord's Day Morning.*

Psalm V.

I.

**L**ORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear  
My Voice ascending high :  
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine Eye.

II.

Up to the Hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all his Saints,  
Presenting at his Father's Throne  
Our Songs and our Complaints.

III.

Thou art a God before whose Sight  
The Wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,  
Nor dwell at thy Right Hand.

IV.

But to thy House will I resort,  
To taste thy Mercies there :  
I will frequent thine holy Court,  
And worship in thy Fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet  
In Ways of Righteousness !  
Make every Path of Duty strait,  
And plain before my Face.

VI.

The Men that love and fear thy Name  
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With Favour as a Shield.

XIX. GOD's *Sovereignty and Goodness.*  
Psalm VIII.

## I.

**O** LORD our heav'nly King,  
Thy Name is all divine;  
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,  
And o'er the Heav'n they shine.

## II.

When to thy Works on high,  
I raise my wond'ring Eyes,  
And see the Moon compleat in Light  
Adorn the darksome Skies:

## III.

When I survey the Stars,  
In all their shining Forms:  
Lord, what is Man, that worthless Thing,  
Akin to Dust and Worms!

## IV.

Lord, what is worthless Man,  
That thou should'st love him so!  
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,  
And Lord of all below.

## V.

Thine Honours crown his Head,  
While Beasts like Slaves obey,  
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,  
And Fish that cleave the Sea.

## VI.

How rich thy Bounties are:  
And wond'rous are thy Ways:  
Of Dust and Worms thy Power can raise  
A Monument of Praise.

## VII.



VII.

O Lord, our heavenly King,  
Thy Name is all divine ;  
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,  
And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

XX. *Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and new Creation.* Psalm VIII.

I.

**L**ORD, what was Man when made at first,  
*Adam* the Offspring of the Dust,  
That thou should'st set him and his Race ;  
But just below an Angel's Place !

II.

That thou should'st raise his Nature so  
And make him Lord of all below ;  
Make every Beast and Bird submit,  
And lay the Fishes at his Feet !

III.

But O ! what brighter Glories wait  
To crown the Second *Adam's* State ?  
What Honours shall thy Son adorn  
Who condescended to be born !

IV.

See him below his Angels made !  
See him in Dust among the Dead !  
To save a ruin'd World from Sin ;  
But he shall reign with Power divine.

V.

The World to come, redeem'd from all  
The Miseries that attend the Fall,  
New made, and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

XXI. *Courage in Death, and Hope of a Resurrection.* Psalm XVI.

## I.

**W**HEN God is nigh my Faith is strong,  
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:  
Be glad my Heart, rejoice my Tongue,  
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

## II.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,  
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
My Soul for ever with the Dead,  
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

## III.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,  
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high:  
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous Way,  
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

## IV.

There, Streams of endless Pleasure flow;  
And full Discoveries of thy Grace  
(Which we but tasted here below)  
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

XXII. *The Sinners Portion and Saints Hope.*  
Psalm XVII.

## I.

**L**ORD I am thine, but thou wilt prove  
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;  
When Men of Spite against me join,  
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

## II.

Their Hope and Portion lies below;  
'Tis all the Happiness they know;

'Tis

'Tis all they seek, they take their Shares,  
And leave the rest among their Heirs.

III.

What Sinners value I resign :  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blisful Face,  
And stand compleat in Righteousness.

IV.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show,  
But the bright World to which I go,  
Hath Joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake, and find thee there !

V.

O glorious Hour ! O blest Abode !  
I shall be near and like my God !  
And Flesh and Sin no more controul  
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.

VI.

My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,  
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound,  
Then burst the Chain with sweet Surprize,  
And in my Saviour's Likeness rise.

XXIII. *Victory over temporal Enemies.*

Psalm XVIII.

I.

**W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,  
Now is thine Arm reveal'd :  
Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tower,  
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,  
And find a sure Defence,

His holy Name our Souls invoke,  
And draw Salvation thence.

## III.

When God our Leader shines in Arms,  
What mortal Heart can bear  
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?  
The Lightning of his Spear?

## IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind,  
And Angels in Array,  
In Millions wait to know his Mind,  
And swift as Flames obey.

## V.

He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke  
Whole Armies are dismay'd:  
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look  
Strikes all their Courage dead.

## VI.

He forms our Generals for the Field,  
With all their dreadful Skill;  
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,  
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

## VII.

Oft has the Lord whole Nations blest  
For his own Churches Sake:  
The Powers that give his People Rest,  
Shall of his Care partake.

XXIV. *The Book of Nature and Scripture:*  
*For a Lord's Day Morning.* Psalm XIX.

## I.

**B**EHOLD the lofty Sky  
Declares its Maker God;

And



And all his starry Works on high  
Proclaim his Power abroad.

## II.

The Darkneſs and the Night  
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;  
While Night to Day, and Day to Night  
Divinely teach his Name.

## III.

In every different Land  
Their general Voice is known,  
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,  
And Orders of his Throne.

## IV.

Ye *Britiſh* Lands rejoice,  
Here he reveals his Word:  
We are not left to Nature's Voice  
To bid us know the Lord.

## V.

His Statutes and Commands  
Are ſet before our Eyes,  
He puts his Goſpel in our Hands,  
Where our Salvation lies.

## VI.

His Laws are juſt and pure,  
His Truth without Deceit,  
His Promiſes for ever ſure,  
And his Rewards are great.

## VII.

While of thy Works I ſing,  
Thy Glories to proclaim,  
Accept the Praise, my God, my King,  
In my Redeemer's Name.

XXV. GOD *manifested in his Works and Word.* Psalm XIX.

## I.

THE Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord,  
In every Star thy Wisdom shines :  
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,  
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

## II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,  
And Night and Day thy Power confess ;  
But the blest Volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

## III.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, convey thy Praise  
Round the whole Earth, and never stand :  
So when thy Truth began its Race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every Land.

## IV.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run ;  
Till *Christ* has all the Nations blest,  
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.

## V.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
Bless the dark World with heavenly Light ;  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise ;  
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgment right.

## VI.

Thy noblest Wonders here we view,  
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiven :  
Lord, cleanse my Sin, my Soul renew,  
And make thy Word my Guide to Heaven.

XXVI.

XXVI. *The invisible Creator seen in his Works.*

I.

**T**HE spacious Firmament on high,  
With all the blue ætherial Sky,  
And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

II.

The unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,  
Does his Creator's Power display,  
And publishes to every Land  
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

III.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale;  
And nightly to the list'ning Earth  
Repeats the Story of her Birth.

IV.

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,  
And all the Planets in their Turn,  
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,  
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

V.

What tho', in solemn Silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial Ball:  
What tho', nor real Voice, nor Sound  
Amidst their radiant Orbs be found:

VI.

In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious Voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine;  
The Hand that made us is divine.

XXVII.

XXVII. *Prayer and Hope in Time of War.*  
Psalm XX.

## I.

**N**OW may the God of Power and Grace  
Attend his People's humble Cry;  
*Jehovah* hears when *Israel* prays,  
And brings Deliverance from on high.

## II.

The Name of *Jacob's* God defends  
Better than Shields or brazen Walls:  
He, from his Sanctuary, sends  
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.

## III.

Well he remembers all our Sighs,  
His Love exceeds our best Deserts;  
His Love accepts the Sacrifice  
Of humble Souls and contrite Hearts.

## IV.

In his Salvation is our Hope,  
And in the Name of *Israel's* God  
Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,  
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

## V.

Some trust in Horses train'd for War,  
And some of Chariots make their Boast;  
Our surest Expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heavenly Host.

## VI.

Now save us, Lord, from slavish Fear,  
Now let our Hope be firm and strong;  
Till thy Salvation shall appear,  
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

XXVIII.



XXVIII. *God our Shepherd.* Psalm XXIII.

I.

**T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?

II.

He leads me to the Place  
Where heavenly Pasture grows;  
Where living Waters gently pass,  
And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my Soul reclaim;  
And guides me in his own right Way,  
For his most holy Name.

IV.

While he affords his Aid,  
I cannot yield to fear:  
Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

V.

In Spight of all my Foes,  
Thou dost my Table spread:  
My Cup with Blessings overflows,  
And Joy exalts my Head.

VI.

The Bounties of thy Love  
Shall crown my following Days;  
Nor from thy House will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

XXIX.

XXIX. *Heaven prepared for the Righteous.*  
 Psalm XXIV.

## I.

**T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,  
 And Men and Worms, and Beasts, and  
 Birds,

He rais'd the Building on the Seas,  
 And gave it for their Dwelling-Place.

## II.

But there's a brighter World on high,  
 Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky:  
 Who shall ascend that blest Abode,  
 And dwell so near his Maker, God?

## III.

He that abhors and fears to Sin,  
 Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean;  
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,  
 And cloath his Soul with Righteousness.

## IV.

Rejoice ye shining Worlds on high,  
 Behold the King of Glory's high:  
 Who can this King of Glory be?  
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

## V.

Ye heavenly Gates your Leaves display,  
 To make the Lord, the Saviour, Way:  
 Laden with Spoils of Earth and Hell;  
 The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

## VI.

Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before,  
 He opens Heaven's eternal Door,  
 To give his Saints a blest Abode  
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

XXX.

XXX. *Works of Creation and Providence.*

Psalm XXXIII.

I.

**R**EJOICE ye Righteous in the Lord,  
This Work belongs to you:  
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,  
How holy, just, and true.

II.

His Mercy and his Righteousness  
Let Heaven and Earth proclaim,  
His works of Nature and of Grace  
Reveal his wond'rous Name.

III.

His Wisdom and Almighty Word  
The heavenly Arches spread:  
And by the Spirit of the Lord,  
Their shining Hosts were made.

IV.

He bid the liquid Waters flow  
To their appointed Deep:  
The flowing Seas their Limits know,  
And their own Stations keep.

V.

Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,  
With Fear before him stand:  
He spake, and Nature took its Birth,  
And rests on his Command.

VI.

He scorns the angry Nation's Rage,  
And breaks their vain Designs;  
His Counsel stands thro' ev'ry Age,  
And in full Glory shines.

XXXI.

XXXI. *Works of Nature and Grace.*

Psalm XXXIII.

I.

**Y**E holy Souls in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's Praise becomes your  
Voice ;

Great is your Theme, your Songs be new :  
Sing of his Name, his Words, his Ways,  
His Works of Nature and of Grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !

II.

Justice and Truth he ever loves,  
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,  
His Word the heavenly Arches spread :  
How wide they shine from North to South !  
And by the Spirit of his Mouth  
Were all the starry Armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,  
Those watry Treasures know their Place,  
In the vast Storehouse of the Deep :  
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth,  
And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven, and Earth,  
His everlasting Orders keep.

IV.

Let Mortals tremble and adore  
A God of such resistless Power,  
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage :  
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your  
Hands,  
But his eternal Counsel stands,  
And rules the World from Age to Age.

XXXII.



XXXII. *The Perfections and Providence of*  
GOD. Psalm XXXVI.

I.

**H**IGH in the Heavens, eternal God,  
Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;  
Thy Truth shall break thro' every Cloud  
That veils and darkens thy Designs.

II.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,  
As Mountains their Foundations keep;  
Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;  
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

Thy Providence is kind and large,  
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;  
The whole Creation is thy Charge,  
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

IV.

My God, how excellent thy Grace,  
Whence all our Hope and Comforts spring!  
The Sons of *Adam* in Distress  
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Provisions of thy House  
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;  
There Mercy like a River flows,  
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

VI.

Life like a Fountain rich and free  
Springs from the Presence of my Lord;  
And in thy Light our Souls shall see  
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

XXXIII.

XXXI. *Works of Nature and Grace.*  
Psalm XXXIII.

## I.

**Y**E holy Souls in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's Praise becomes your  
Voice ;

Great is your Theme, your Songs be new :  
Sing of his Name, his Words, his Ways,  
His Works of Nature and of Grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !

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And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,  
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The Sons of *Adam* in Distress  
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Provisions of thy House  
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;  
There Mercy like a River flows,  
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

VI.

Life like a Fountain rich and free  
Springs from the Presence of my Lord;  
And in thy Light our Souls shall see  
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

XXXIII. *In a Time of Sickness.*

Psalm XXXIX.

I.

**G**OD of my Life, look gently down,  
Behold the Pains I feel;  
But I am dumb before thy Throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy Will.

II.

Diseases are thy Servants, Lord,  
They come at thy Command;  
I'll not attempt a murmuring Word  
Against thy chaf'ning Hand.

III.

Yet I may plead with humble Cries,  
Remove thy sharp Rebukes;  
My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies,  
Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Crush'd, as a Moth, beneath thy Hand,  
We moulder to the Dust;  
Our feeble Powers can ne'er withstand,  
And all our Beauty's lost.

V.

I'm but a Sojourner below,  
As all my Fathers were;  
May I be well prepar'd to go,  
When I thy Summons hear!

VI.

But if my Life be spar'd a while,  
Before my last Remove,  
Thy Praise shall be my Business still,  
And I'll declare thy Love.

XXXIV.



XXXIV. *Christ our Sacrifice.* Psalm XL.

## I.

**T**HE Wonders, Lord, thy Love has  
 [wrought  
 Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;  
 Should I attempt the long Detail,  
 My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

## II.

No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt  
 Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt:  
 But thou hast set before our Eyes,  
 An all-sufficient Sacrifice.

## III.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,  
 To thy Designs he bows his Ears,  
 Assumes a Body well prepar'd,  
 And well performs a Work so hard.

## IV.

Behold! I come (the Saviour cries,  
 With Love and Duty in his Eyes)  
 I come to bear the heavy Load  
 Of Sins, and do thy Will, my God.

## V.

I'll magnify thy holy Law,  
 And Rebels to Obedience draw,  
 When on my Cross I'm lifted high,  
 Or to my Crown above the Sky.

## VI.

The Spirit shall descend and shew  
 What thou hast done, and what I do:  
 The wond'ring World shall learn thy Grace,  
 Thy Wisdom and thy Righteousness.

XXXV.

XXXV. *The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.* Psalm XLV.

I.

**N**OW be my Heart inspir'd to sing  
The Glories of my Saviour-King,  
*Jesus* the Lord; how heavenly fair  
His Form! how bright his Glories are!

II.

O'er all the Sons of human Race  
He shines with a superior Grace;  
Love from his Lips divinely flows,  
And Blessings all his State compose.

III.

Dress thee in Arms, most mighty Lord,  
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword;  
In Majesty and Glory ride,  
With Truth and Meekness at thy Side.

IV.

Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,  
Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart;  
Or Words of Mercy kind and sweet  
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

V.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands,  
Grace is the Scepter in thy Hands:  
Thy Laws and Works are just and right,  
Justice and Grace are thy Delight.

VI.

God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His Oyl of Gladness on thy Head:  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His first-born Son above the rest.

XXXVI.

XXXVI. *The Safety and Triumph of the Church  
amidst national Desolations.* Psalm XLVI.

I.

**G**OD is the Refuge of his Saints  
When Storms of sharp Distress invade :  
E'er we can offer our Complaints,  
Behold him present with his Aid !

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd  
Down to the Deep, and buried there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid World ;  
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,  
In sacred Peace our Souls abide :  
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.

IV.

There is a Stream whose gentle Flow  
Supplies the City of our God ;  
Life, Love and Joy still gliding thro',  
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

V.

That sacred Stream thine holy Word,  
That all our raging Fear controuls :  
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,  
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

VI.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's Love,  
Secure against a threat'ning Hour ;  
Nor can her firm Foundations move,  
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Power.

XXXVII.

XXXVII. CHRIST *ascending and reigning.*  
Psaln XLVII.

## I.

O FOR a Shout of sacred Joy,  
To God the Sovereign King:  
Let every Land their Tongues employ,  
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

## II.

*Jesus* our God ascends on high,  
His heavenly Guards around  
Attend him rising thro' the Sky  
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

## III.

While Angels shout and praise their King,  
Let Mortals learn their Strains;  
Let all the Earth his Honours sing,  
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

## IV.

Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound;  
Let Knowledge lead the Song:  
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound  
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

## V.

In *Israel* stood his antient Throne,  
He lov'd that chosen Race:  
But now he calls the World his own,  
And *Heathens* taste his Grace.

## VI.

The *British* Islands are the Lord's,  
Here *Abraham's* God is known,  
While Powers and Princes, Shields and  
Swords  
Submit before his Throne.

XXXVIII.



XXXVIII. *The final Judgment.* Psalm L.

## I.

THE Lord, the Judge before his Throne  
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh;  
The Nations near the rising Sun,  
And near the Western Sky.

## II.

No more shall bold Blasphemers say,  
*Judgment will ne'er begin;*  
No more abuse his long Delay,  
To Impudence and Sin.

## III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our God shall come,  
Bright Flames prepare his Way,  
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm,  
Lead on the dreadful Day.

## IV.

Heaven from above his Call shall hear,  
Attending Angels come;  
And Earth and Hell shall know and fear  
His Justice and their Doom.

## V.

But gather all my Saints, he cries,  
That made their Peace with God,  
By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,  
And seal'd it with his Blood.

## VI.

Their Faith and Works brought forth to  
Light  
Shall make the World confess,  
My Sentence of Reward is right,  
And Heaven adore my Grace.

XXXIX. *The repenting Suppliant.* Psalm LI.

## I.

O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,  
 Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry Look,  
 But blot their Memory from thy Book.

## II.

Create my Nature pure within,  
 And form my Soul averse to Sin,  
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

## III.

I cannot live without thy Light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight;  
 Thine holy Joys, my God, restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.

## IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
 His Help and Comfort still afford:  
 And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,  
 To plead the Merits of thy Son.

## V.

A broken Heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the Sacrifice I bring:  
 The God of Grace will ne'er despise,  
 A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

## VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful Sentence just:  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,  
 And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

XL. GOD *chosen as our Happiness.*

Psalm LXIII.

I.

**G**reat God, indulge my humble Claim,  
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;  
The Glories that compose thy Name  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

II.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am thine by sacred Ties,  
Thy Son, thy Servant, bought with Blood.

III.

With Heart and Eyes, and lifted Hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look;  
As Travellers in thirsty Lands,  
Pant for the cooling Water-Brook.

IV.

With early Feet I love t'appear  
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;  
Oft have I seen thy Glories there,  
And felt the Power of Sovereign Grace.

V.

My Life itself without thy Love  
No Taste of Pleasure could afford:  
'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

VI.

I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,  
While I have Breath to pray or praise,  
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,  
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

XLI. *Seeking God.* Psalm LXIII.

I.

**M**Y God, permit my Tongue  
 This Joy, to call thee mine;  
 And let my early Cries prevail  
 To taste thy Love divine.

II.

Within thy Churches, Lord,  
 I long to find my Place;  
 Thy Power and Glory to behold,  
 And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

III.

For Life without thy Love  
 No Relish can afford;  
 No Joy can be compar'd with this,  
 To serve and please the Lord.

IV.

To thee I'll lift my Hands,  
 And praise thee while I live;  
 Not the rich Dainties of a Feast  
 Such Food or Pleasure give.

V.

Since Thou hast been my Help,  
 To thee my Spirit flies;  
 And on thy watchful Providence  
 My chearful Hope relies.

VI.

The Shadow of thy Wings  
 My Soul in Safety keeps:  
 I follow where my Father leads,  
 And he supports my Steps.



XLII. *Divine Providence displayed in its Works.* Psalm LXV.

## I.

**T**HE God of our Salvation hears  
The Groans of *Zion* mixt with Tears;  
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,  
Thro' all the Way his Terror shines.

## II.

He bids the noisy Tempest cease;  
He calms the raging Crowds to Peace,  
When a tumultuous Nation raves,  
Wild as the Wind, and loud as Waves.

## III.

Behold his Ensigns sweep the Sky!  
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly:  
The Heathen Lands, with swift Surprise,  
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

## IV.

Seasons and Times obey his Voice,  
The Evening and the Morn rejoice  
To see the Earth made soft with Showers,  
Laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.

## V.

'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high,  
He gives the thirsty Ground Supply;  
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence  
Doth his enriching Drops dispense.

## VI.

The Desert grows a fruitful Field,  
Abundant Food the Valleys yield;  
The Valleys shout with chearful Voice,  
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

## VII.

Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine,  
 O'er every Field thy Glories shine ;  
 Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear ;  
 Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

XLIII. *Divine Bounty crowns the Year.*

Psalm LXV.

## I.

**T**IS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,  
 God of eternal Power,  
 The Sea grows calm at thy Command,  
 And Tempests cease to roar.

## II.

The Morning Light and Evening Shade  
 Successive Comforts bring ;  
 Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,  
 Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

## III.

Seasons, and Times, and Moons, and Hours,  
 Heaven, Earth, and Air are thine :  
 When Clouds distil in fruitful Showers,  
 The Author is divine.

## IV.

Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky,  
 Born by the Winds around,  
 With wat'ry Treasures well supply  
 The Furrows of the Ground.

## V.

The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill,  
 And Ranks of Corn appear :  
 Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,  
 Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

XLIV.

XLIV. *Almighty Power conducts and guards  
the Righteous.* Psalm LXVI.

## I.

SING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,  
Sing with a joyful Noise;  
With Melody of Sound record  
His Honours and your Joys.

## II.

Say to the Power that shakes the Sky,  
“How terrible art thou!  
“Sinners before thy Presence fly,  
“Or at thy Feet they bow.”

## III.

Come, see the Wonders of our God,  
How glorious are his Ways!  
In *Moses'* Hand he puts his Rod,  
And cleaves the frightened Seas.

## IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,  
While *Israel* pass'd the Flood:  
There did the Church begin their Joy  
And Triumph in their God.

## V.

He rules by his resistless Might;  
Will Rebel Mortals dare  
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,  
Or tempt that dreadful War.

## VI.

O bless our God, and never cease;  
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise;  
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,  
And guides our doubtful Ways.

XLV. *Prayer and Praise for Britain.*  
 Psalm LXVII.

## I.

**S**HINE mighty God, on *Britain* shine  
 With Beams of heavenly Grace;  
 Reveal thy Power thro' all our Coasts,  
 And shew thy smiling Face.

## II.

Amidst our Isle, exalted high,  
 Do thou our Glory stand;  
 And like a Wall of Guardian Fire  
 Surround the favourite Land.

## III.

When shall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,  
 Sound all the Earth abroad:  
 And distant Nations know and love  
 Their Saviour and their God!

## IV.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,  
 Sing loud with solemn Voice:  
 While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,  
 And *British* Hearts rejoice.

## V.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
 That sits enthron'd above,  
 Wisely commands the Worlds he made  
 In Justice and in Love.

## VI.

Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,  
 And yield a full Increase:  
 Our God will crown his chosen Isle  
 With Fruitfulness and Peace.



VII.

God, the Redeemer, scatters round  
His choicest Favours here ;  
While the Creation's utmost Bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

XLVI. *Praise for temporal Blessings.*  
Psalm LXVIII.

I.

**W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good ;  
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and  
[Food ;  
Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,  
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

II.

He sends the Sun his Circuit round,  
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground ;  
He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain  
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

III.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,  
And all our near Escapes from Death :  
Safety and Health to God belong ;  
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove  
The common Blessings of his Love :  
But the wide Difference that remains,  
Is endless Joy or endless Pains.

V.

The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,  
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread ;

The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

## VI.

But his Right-hand his Saints shall raise  
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas ;  
And bring them to his Courts above,  
There they shall taste his special Love.

XLVII. *The Kingdom of Christ.*

Psalm LXXII.

## I.

**G**REAT God, whose universal Sway  
The known and unknown Worlds  
obey,

Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne !

## II.

Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,  
All Heaven submits to his Commands ;  
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,  
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

## III.

With Power he vindicates the Just,  
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust :  
His Worship and his Fear shall last,  
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.

## IV.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his Influence down ;  
His Grace on fainting Souls distills,  
Like heavenly Dew on thirsty Hills.

V.

The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath  
The Shades of overspreading Death,  
Revive at his first dawning Light,  
And Desarts blossom at the Sight.

VI.

The Saints shall flourish in his Days,  
Dress'd in the Robes of Joy and Praise :  
Peace, like a River from his Throne,  
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

XLVIII. *The Pleasure of public Worship.*  
Psalm LXXXIV.

I.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
**H** O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !  
With long Desire my Spirit faints,  
To meet the Assemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Flesh would rest in thine Abode,  
My panting Heart cries out for God :  
My God ! my King ! why should I be,  
So far from all my Joys and Thee ?

III.

Blest are the Saints who sit on high,  
Around thy Throne of Majesty :  
Thy brightest Glories shine above ;  
And all their Work is Praise and Love.

IV.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place  
Within the Temple of thy Grace :  
There they behold thy gentler Rays,  
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

## V.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set  
To find the Way to *Zion's* Gate;  
God is their Strength, and thro' the Road  
They lean upon their Helper God.

## VI.

Chearful they walk with growing Strength,  
Till all shall meet in Heaven at length:  
Till all before thy Face appear,  
And join in nobler Worship there.

XLIX. *Presence of God our supreme Felicity.*  
Psalm LXXXIV.

## I.

**G**REAT God, attend while *Zion* sings  
The Joy that from thy Presence  
[springs:  
To spend one Day with thee on Earth,  
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

## II.

Might I enjoy the meanest Place  
Within thy House, O God of Grace;  
Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Power,  
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

## III.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day;  
God is our Shield, he guards our Way;  
From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,  
From Foes without and Foes within.

## IV.

All needful Grace will God bestow,  
And crown that Grace with Glory too:

He



He gives us all Things, and with-holds,  
No real Good from upright Souls.

## V.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway,  
The glorious Hosts of Heaven obey;  
And Devils at thy Presence flee;  
Blest is the Man that trusts in thee!

*L. Delight in public Worship.* Psalm LXXXIV.

## I.

**L** O R D of the Worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The Dwellings of thy Love,  
The earthly Temples are.

To thine Abode  
My Heart aspires  
With warm Desires  
To see my God.

## II.

O happy Souls that pray,  
Where God appoints to hear;  
O happy Men that pay  
Their constant Service there;  
They praise thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the Way  
To *Zion's* Hill.

## III.

They go from Strength to Strength,  
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in Heaven appears.

O glorious Seat ;  
 When God our King,  
 Shall thither bring  
 Our willing Feet.

## IV.

To spend one sacred Day,  
 Where God and Saints abide,  
 Affords diviner Joy  
 Than thousand Days beside :  
     Where God resorts,  
     I love it more  
     To keep the Door  
     Than shine in Courts.

## V.

The Lord his People loves ;  
 His Hand no Good with-holds,  
 From those his Heart approves,  
 From pure and pious Souls :  
     Thrice happy he,  
     O God of Hosts,  
     Whose Spirit trusts  
     Alone in thee.

LI. *The Power and Majesty of God.*  
 Psalm LXXXIX.

## I.

**W**ith Reverence let the Saints appear,  
     And bow before the Lord ;  
 His high Commands with Reverence hear,  
     And tremble at his Word.

## II.

How terrible thy Glories be !  
 How bright thine Armies shine !

Where

Where is the Power that vies with thee?  
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

III.

The *Northern* Pole, and *Southern* rest  
On thy supporting Hand:  
Darkness and Day from *East* to *West*  
Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind controul,  
And rule the boist'rous Deep;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,  
The rolling Billows sleep.

V.

Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,  
And the dark World of Hell;  
How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine  
When *Egypt* durst rebel?

VI.

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,  
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace:  
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,  
Invite us near thy Face.

LII. *Life, Death, and the Resurrection.*

Psalm LXXXIX.

I.

**T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble Man;  
How few his Hours! How short his  
Span!

Short from the Cradle to the Grave,  
Who can secure his vital Breath,  
Against the bold Arrests of Death,  
With Skill to fly, or Power to save?

II.

## II.

Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
 The Race of Man was only made  
 For Sickneſs, Sorrow, and the Duſt!  
 Are not thy Servants Day by Day  
 Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?  
 Lord, where's thy Kindneſs to the Juſt?

## III.

Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,  
 And all his Seed an heavenly Crown?  
 But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair;  
 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,  
 That Faith can read his holy Word  
 And find a Reſurrection there.

## IV.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,  
 Who gives his Saints a large Reward  
 For all their Toil, Reproach, and Pain:  
 Let all below, and all above,  
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,  
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

LIII. *Man mortal, God eternal.* Pfalm XC.

## I.

**T**HRO' every Age, eternal God,  
 Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode:  
 High was thy Throne, e'er Heaven was  
 made,  
 Or Earth thy humble Footſtool laid.

## II.

Long haſt thou reign'd e'er Time began,  
 Or Duſt was faſhion'd into Man;

And



And long thy Kingdom shall endure,  
When Earth and Time shall be no more.

## III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die;  
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:  
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was just,  
*Return, ye Sinners, to your Dust.*

## IV.

Death, like an overflowing Stream,  
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;  
An empty Tale; a Morning Flower,  
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

## V.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man,  
And kindly lengthen out our Span;  
Till a wise Care of Piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

LIV. *Frailty and Vanity of human Life.*

Psalm XC.

## I.

**L**ORD, if thine Eyes survey our Faults,  
And Justice grow severe,  
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,  
And burns beyond our Fear.

## II.

Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust  
By one Offence to thee:  
*Adam* with all his Sons have lost  
Their Immortality.

## III.

Life, like a vain Amusement flies,  
A Fable or a Song,

By

By swift Degrees our Nature dies,  
Nor can our Joys be long.

## IV.

Our Vitals, with laborious Strife,  
Bear up the heavy Load,  
And drag those poor Remains of Life  
Along the tiresome Road.

## V.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,  
And not thy Wrath alone,  
O let our sweet Experience prove  
The Mercies of thy Throne!

## VI.

Our Souls would learn the heavenly Art  
T' improve the Hours we have:  
That we may act the wiser Part,  
And live beyond the Grave.

LV. *For the Lord's Day.* Psalm XCII.

## I.

**S**WEET is the Work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and  
sing;  
To shew thy Love by Morning Light,  
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

## II.

My Heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his Works, and bless his Word:  
Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine!  
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

## III.

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;  
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;  
Like

Like Grasse they flourish, till thy Breath,  
Blast them in everlasting Death.

## IV.

But I shall share a glorious Part,  
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,  
And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed  
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.

## V.

Sin, my worst Enemy before,  
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more;  
My inward Foes shall all be slain,  
Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.

## VI.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desir'd or wish'd below;  
And every Power find sweet Employ,  
In that eternal World of Joy.

LVI. *The Rage of the Wicked vain against the  
Counsels and Kingdom of God.* Psalm XCIII.

## I.

**T**HE Lord, *Jehovah*, reigns,  
And royal State maintains,  
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;  
Array'd in Robes of Light,  
Begirt with Sovereign Might,  
And Rays of Majesty around.

## II.

Upheld by thy Commands,  
The World securely stands;  
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:  
Thy Throne was fixt on high

Before

Before the starry Sky ;  
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

## III.

In vain the noisy Crowd,  
Like Billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine Empire rise and roar :  
In vain, with angry Spite,  
The furious Nations fight,  
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

## IV.

Let Floods and Nations rage,  
And all their Powers engage,  
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky ;  
The Terrors of thy Frown  
Shall beat their Madness down :  
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

## V.

Thy Promises are true ;  
Thy Grace is ever new ;  
There fixt, thy Church shall ne'er remove ;  
Thy Saints with holy Fear,  
Shall in thy Courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting Love.

LVII. *A solemn Call to Worship.* Psalm XCV,

## I.

**C**OME sound his Praise abroad,  
And Hymns of Glory sing ;  
*Jehovah* is the Sovereign God,  
The universal King.

## II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown,  
He gave the Seas their Bound ;

The



The wat'ry Worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid Ground.

## III.

Come, worship at his Throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord :  
We are his Works and not our own,  
He form'd us by his Word.

## IV.

To-day attend his Voice,  
Nor dare provoke his Rod ;  
Come, like the People of his Choice,  
And own your gracious God.

## V.

But if your Ears refuse  
The Language of his Grace,  
And Hearts grow hard like stubborn *Jews*,  
That unbelieving Race.

## VI.

The Lord in Vengeance drest,  
Will lift his Hand and swear,  
*You that despise my promis'd Rest*  
*Shall have no Portion there.*

LVIII. *God of the Gentiles.* Psalm XCVI.

## I.

**L** E T all the Earth their Voices raise  
To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,  
To sing and bless *Jehovah's* Name :  
His Glory let the *Heathens* know,  
His Wonders to the Nations shew,  
And all his saving Works proclaim.

## II,

## II.

The *Heathens* know thy Glory, Lord;  
 The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,  
 In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known:  
 Our Worship shall no more be paid  
 To Gods which mortal Hands have made;  
 Our Maker is our God alone.

## III.

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,  
 He made the shining Worlds on high,  
 And reigns compleat in Glory there:  
 His Beams are Majesty and Light;  
 His Beauties how divinely bright!  
 His Temple how divinely fair!

## IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,  
 When Earth shall feel his saving Power,  
 And barbarous Nations fear his Name;  
 Then shall the Race of Man confess  
 The Beauty of his Holiness,  
 And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

LIX. *The Creator worship'd.* Psalm C.

## I.

SING to the Lord with joyful Voice,  
 Let every Land his Name adore;  
 The *British* Isles shall send the Noise  
 Across the Ocean to the Shore.

## II.

Nations attend before his Throne  
 With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy,  
 Know that the Lord is God alone,  
 He can create, and he destroy.

## III.

III.

His sovereign Power, without our Aid,  
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:  
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

We are his People, we his Care,  
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame;  
What lasting Honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

V.

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,  
High as the Heavens our Voices raise;  
And Earth, with her ten thousand Tongues,  
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

VI.

Wide as the World is thy Command,  
Vast as Eternity thy Love;  
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,  
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

LX. *Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.*  
Psalm CIII..

I.

**O** Bless the Lord, my Soul,  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,  
Whose Favours are divine.

II.

O bless the Lord, my Soul,  
Nor let his Mercies lie  
Forgotten in Unthankfulness,  
And without Praises die.

III.

## III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,  
 'Tis he relieves thy Pain,  
 'Tis he that heals thy Sickneſſes,  
 And makes thee young again.

## IV.

He crowns thy Life with Love  
 When ranſom'd from the Grave:  
 He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell  
 Hath ſovereign Power to ſave.

## V.

He fills the Poor with Good,  
 He gives the Sufferers Reſt:  
 The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,  
 And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.

## VI.

His wondrous Works and Ways  
 He made by *Mofes* known;  
 But ſent the World his Truth and Grace  
 By his beloved Son.

LXI. *Abounding Compaſſion of GOD.*  
 Pfalm CIII.

## I.

**M**Y Soul, repeat his Praise,  
 Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;  
 Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,  
 So ready to abate.

## II.

God will not always chide;  
 And when his Strokes are felt,  
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,  
 And lighter than our Guilt.

## III.



III.

High as the Heavens are rais'd  
Above the Ground we tread,  
So far the Riches of his Grace  
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Power subdues our Sins,  
And his forgiving Love,  
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,  
Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

The Pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his Name,  
Is such as tender Parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Dust,  
Scatter'd with every Breath ;  
His Anger, like a rising Wind,  
Can send us swift to Death.

VII.

But thy Compassions, Lord,  
To endless Years endure ;  
And Childrens Children ever find  
Thy Words of Promise sure.

LXII. *God the Governor of the Universe.*

Psalm CIV.

I.

**G**REAT is the Lord, what Tongue can  
frame

An equal Honour to his Name !

The Heavens are for his Curtains spread,

Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed.

D

II.

## II.

The World's Foundations by his Hand  
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;  
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,  
Lest it should drown the Earth again.

## III.

The swelling Billows know their Bound,  
And in their Channels walk their Round:  
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,  
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

## IV.

God, from his cloudy Cystern, pours  
On the parch'd Earth enriching Showers;  
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,  
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

## V.

Vast are thy Works, Almighty Lord,  
All Nature rests upon thy Word:  
And the whole Race of Creatures stands  
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

## VI.

While haughty Sinners die accurst,  
Their Glory buried with their Dust;  
I to my God, my heavenly King,  
Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

LXIII. *Israel led to Canaan, Christians to  
Heaven. Psalm CVII.*

## I.

**G**IVE Thanks to God, he reigns above,  
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is  
Love:

His Mercy Ages past have known,  
And Ages long to come shall own.

## II.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord  
The Wonders of his Grace record;  
*Israel*, the Nation whom he chose,  
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

III.

In their Distress to God they cry'd,  
God was their Saviour and their Guide:  
He led their March far wand'ring round,  
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan's* Ground.

IV.

Thus when our first Release we gain  
From Sin's hard Yoke, and *Satan's* Chain;  
We have this Desert World to pass,  
A dangerous and a tiresome Place.

V.

He feeds and cloaths us all the Way;  
He guides our Footsteps lest we stray;  
He guards us with a powerful Hand,  
And brings us to the heavenly Land.

VI.

O let the Saints with Joy record  
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord!  
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!  
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

LXIV. *Nations blest and punished.*  
Psalm CVII.

I.

**W**HEN God, provok'd by daring  
Crimes,  
Scourges the Madness of the Times,

He turns their Fields to barren Sand,  
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

## II.

His Word can raise the Springs again,  
And make the wither'd Mountains green :  
Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies,  
And Harvests in the Defart rise.

## III.

Thus they are blest; but if they sin,  
He lets the *Heathen* Nations in :  
A savage Crew invade their Lands,  
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

## IV.

Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn  
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;  
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,  
And Desolation spreads the Field.

## V.

Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,  
Again his dreadful Hand he turns :  
Again he makes the Cities thrive,  
And bids the dying Churches live.

## VI.

How few with pious Care record  
These wond'rous Dealings of the Lord ?  
But wise Observers still shall find,  
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

LXV. *Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.*

Psalm CX.

## I.

**J**ESUS our Lord, ascend thy Throne,  
And near thy Father sit ;

In



In *Zion* shall thy Power be known,  
And make thy Foes submit.

II.

What Wonders shall thy Gospel do !  
Thy Converts shall surpass  
The numerous Drops of Morning Dew,  
And own thy sovereign Grace.

III.

God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,  
Nor changes what he swore ;  
Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,  
When *Aaron's* is no more.

IV.

*Melchisedeck*, that wondrous Priest,  
That King of high Degree ;  
That holy Man who *Abraham* blest,  
Was but a Type of thee.

V.

*Jesus* our Priest for ever lives,  
To plead for us above :  
*Jesus* our King for ever gives  
The Blessings of his Love.

VI.

God shall exalt his glorious Head,  
And his high Throne maintain :  
Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead  
Who dare oppose his Reign.

LXVI. *Wisdom of God in his Works.*  
Psalm CXI.

I.

SONGS of immortal Praise belong  
To my Almighty God ;

He has my Heart, and he my Tongue,  
To spread his Name abroad.

## II.

How great the Works his Hand has wrought!  
How glorious in our Sight!  
And Men in ev'ry Age have sought  
His Wonders with Delight.

## III.

How most exact is Nature's Frame!  
How wise th' eternal Mind!  
His Counsels never change the Scheme  
That his first Thoughts design'd.

## IV.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,  
He fixt his Covenant sure:  
The Orders which his Lips pronounce  
To endless Years endure.

## V.

Nature, and Time, and Earth, and Skies  
Thy heavenly Skill proclaim:  
What shall we do to make us wise?  
But learn to read thy Name.

## VI.

To fear thy Power, to trust thy Grace,  
Is our divinest Skill:  
And he's the wisest of our Race  
That best obeys thy Will.

LXVII. *The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.* Psalm CXII.

## I.

**T**Hrice happy Man who fears the Lord,  
Loves his Commands, and trusts his  
Word. Honour

Honour and Peace his Days attend,  
And Blessings to his Seed descend.

II.

Compassion dwells upon his Mind,  
To Works of Mercy still inclin'd;  
He lends the Poor some present Aid,  
Or gives them not to be repaid.

III.

When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread  
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,  
His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,  
For God with all his Pow'r is there.

IV.

His Soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,  
Draws heavenly Courage from his Word:  
Amidst the Darkness Light shall rise,  
To cheer his Heart, and bless his Eyes.

V.

He hath dispers'd his Alms abroad,  
His Works are still before his God:  
His Name on Earth shall long remain,  
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

LXVIII. *The true God our Refuge.*  
Psalm CXV.

I.

**N**OT to ourselves, who are but Dust,  
Not to ourselves is Glory due;  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;  
Why should a *Heathen's* haughty Tongue  
D 4 Insult

Insult us, and to raise our Shame  
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*

## III.

The God we serve maintains his Throne,  
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies;  
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,  
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

## IV.

But the vain Idols they adore  
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood,  
At best a Mass of glittering Ore,  
A silver Saint, or golden God.

## V.

O *Israel*, make the Lord thy Hope,  
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest;  
The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,  
And bless the People and the Priest.

## VI.

The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,  
They dwell in Silence and the Grave!  
But we shall live to sing thy Grace;  
And tell the World thy Power to save.

LXIX. *Recovery from Sickness.* Psalm CXVI.

## I.

**I** Love the Lord; he heard my Cries,  
And pitied every Groan:  
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his Throne.

## II.

I love the Lord; he bow'd his Ear,  
And chas'd my Griefs away:



O let my Heart no more despair,  
While I have Breath to pray!

III.

My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,  
And I drew near the Dead;  
While inward Pangs, and Fears of Hell  
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

*My God, I cry'd, thy Servant save,  
Thou ever good and just:  
Thy Power can rescue from the Grave,  
Thy Power is all my Trust.*

V.

The Lord beheld me sore distressed,  
And bid my Pains remove;  
Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,  
For thou hast known his Love.

VI.

My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,  
And dry'd my falling Tears:  
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,  
Thro' all my following Years.

LXX. *For the Lord's Day.* Psalm CXVIII.

I.

**T**HIS is the Day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the Hours his own;  
Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,  
And Praise surround the Throne.

II.

To-day he rose, and left the Dead,  
And *Satan's* Empire fell:

To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,  
And all his Wonders tell.

## III.

*Hosanna!* to th' anointed King,  
To *David's* holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring,  
Salvation from the Throne.

## IV.

Blest be the Lord who comes to Men  
With Messages of Grace:  
Who comes in God his Father's Name,  
To save our sinful Race.

## V.

*Hosanna!* in the highest Strains  
The Church on Earth can raise:  
The highest Heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler Praise.

LXXI. *Salvation by Christ.* Psalm CXVIII.

## I.

SEE what a living Stone!  
The Builders did refuse:  
But God has built his Church thereon,  
In Spite of envious *Jews*.

## II.

The Scribes and angry Priests  
Reject thine only Son;  
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,  
As the chief Corner-stone.

## III.

The Work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wond'rous in our Eyes;

This

This Day declares it all divine,  
This Day did *Jesus* rise.

IV.

This is the glorious Day  
That our Redeemer made;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
Let all the Church be glad.

V.

*Hosannab* to the King  
Of *David's* royal Blood!  
Bless him, ye Saints, he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.

VI.

We bless thy holy Word,  
Which all this Grace displays;  
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,  
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

LXXII. *The Blessedness of the Righteous.*  
Psalm CXIX.

I.

**B**LEST are the undefil'd in Heart  
Whose Ways are right and clean;  
Who never from thy Law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

II.

Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,  
And practise thy Commands;  
With their whole Heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their Hands.

III.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law;  
How firm their Souls abide!

Nor can a bold Temptation draw,  
Their steady Feet aside.

## IV.

Then shall my Heart have solid Joy,  
And keep my Face from Shame;  
When all thy Statutes I obey,  
And honour all thy Name.

## V.

But haughty Sinners God will hate,  
The Proud shall die accurst:  
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit  
Are trodden to the Dust.

## VI.

Vile as the Dross the Wicked are;  
And those that leave thy Ways,  
Shall see Salvation from afar,  
But never taste thy Grace.

LXXIII. *Avouching God as our Portion.*  
Psalm CXIX.

## I.

**T**HOU art my Portion, O my God,  
Soon as I know thy Way,  
My Heart makes Haste t'obey thy Word,  
And suffers no Delay.

## II.

I chuse the Path of heavenly Truth,  
And glory in my Choice:  
Not all the Riches of the Earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

## III.

The Testimonies of thy Grace  
I set before my Eyes:  
Thence I derive my daily Strength,  
And there my Comfort lies.

## IV.



IV.

If once I wander from thy Path,  
I think upon my Ways;  
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,  
And trust thy pardoning Grace.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine!  
O save thy Servant, Lord;  
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,  
My Hope is in thy Word.

VI.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine,  
Thy Statutes to fulfil;  
And thus till mortal Life shall end  
Would I perform thy Will.

LXXIV. *Perfection of Scripture.*

Psalm CXIX.

I.

**L**ET all the Heathen Writers join,  
To form one perfect Book;  
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,  
How mean their Writings look!

II.

Not the most perfect Rules they gave  
Could shew one Sin forgiv'n;  
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave,  
But thine conduct to Heaven.

III.

I've seen an End of what we call  
Perfection here below:  
How short the Powers of Nature fall,  
And can no farther go.

IV.

## IV.

Yet Man would fain be just with God,  
 By Works their Hands have wrought,  
 But thy Commands, exceeding broad,  
 Extend to every Thought.

## V.

In vain we boast Perfection here,  
 While Sin defiles our Frame;  
 And sink our Virtues down so far,  
 They scarce deserve the Name.

## VI.

Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,  
 Fall far below thy Word:  
 But perfect Truth and Righteousness  
 Dwell only with the Lord.

LXXV. *Desire of spiritual Instruction.*  
 Psalm CXIX.

## I.

**T**HY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,  
 How good thy Works appear!  
 Open my Eyes to read thy Word,  
 And see thy Wonders there.

## II.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,  
 My Service is thy Due:  
 O make thy Servant understand  
 The Duties he must do.

## III.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,  
 Let not thy Path be hid:  
 But mark the Road my Feet should go,  
 And be my constant Guide.

## IV.

IV.

If God to me his Statutes shew,  
And heavenly Truth impart,  
His Work for ever I'll pursue,  
His Law shall rule my Heart.

V.

This was my Comfort when I bore  
Variety of Grief :  
It made me learn thy Word the more,  
And fly to that Relief.

VI.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,  
I'll teach the World his Ways :  
My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce his Praise.

LXXVI. *Sanctified Afflictions.* Psalm CXIX.

I.

**F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand ;  
How kind was thy chastising Rod  
That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,  
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God !

II.

Foolish and vain I went astray,  
E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord ;  
I left my Guide, and lost my Way ;  
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,  
For Pride is apt to rise and swell :  
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,  
That I might learn his Statutes well.

IV.

## IV.

The Law that issues from thy Mouth  
 Shall raise my chearful Passions more,  
 Than all the Treasures of the *South*,  
 Or *Western Hills* of golden Ore.

## V.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,  
 Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;  
 Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,  
 And guide me safe from Death and Sin.

## VI.

Then all that love and fear the Lord  
 At my Salvation shall rejoice;  
 For I have hoped in thy Word,  
 And made thy Grace my only Choice.

LXXVII. *God our Preserver.* Psalm CXXI.

## I.

U P W A R D I lift mine Eyes,  
 From God is all my Aid:  
 The God that built the Skies,  
 And Earth and Nature made:  
     God is the Tower  
     To which I fly:  
     His Grace is nigh,  
     In every Hour.

## II.

My Feet shall never slide,  
 And fall in fatal Snares;  
 Since God my Guard and Guide  
 Defends me from my Fears;  
     Those wakeful Eyes  
     That never sleep,

Shall



Shall *Israel* keep  
When Dangers rise.

III.

No burning Heats by Day,  
Nor Blasts of Evening Air,  
Shall take my Health away,  
If God be with me there :

Thou art my Sun,  
And thou my Shade  
To guard my Head  
By Night or Noon.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy Word  
To save my Soul from Death ?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal Breath :

I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me Home.

LXXVIII. *Pardoning Grace.* Psalm CXXX.

I.

FROM deep Distress and troubled  
Thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries ;  
If thou severely mark our Faults,  
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.

II.

But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace,  
Free to dispense thy Pardons there,  
That Sinners may approach thy Face,  
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

III

## III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking Day ;  
So waits my Soul before thy Gate ;  
When will my God his Face display !

## IV.

My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,  
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain :  
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,  
And find Relief from all their Pain.

## V.

Great is his Love and large his Grace,  
Thro' the Redemption of his Son,  
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,  
And pardons what our Hands have done.

LXXIX. *Christ dwelling and reigning in his Church.* Psalm CXXXII.

## I.

**W**HERE shall we go to seek and find  
An Habitation for our God ;  
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,  
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood !

## II.

The God of *Jacob* chose the Hill  
Of *Zion* for his antient Rest :  
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,  
His Church is with his Presence blest.

## III.

Here will I fix my gracious Throne,  
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;  
Here shall my Power and Love be known,  
And Blessings shall attend my Word.

## IV.

IV.

Here will I meet the Hungry Poor,  
And fill their Souls with living Bread;  
Sinners that wait before my Door,  
With sweet Provision shall be fed.

V.

The Saints, unable to contain,  
Their inward Joy, shall shout and sing;  
The Son of *David* here shall reign,  
And *Zion* triumph in her King.

VI.

*Jesus* shall see a numerous Seed  
Born here t' uphold his glorious Name;  
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,  
While all his Foes are cloath'd with Shame.

LXXX. *The Church God's House and Care.*  
Psalm CXXXV.

I.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,  
While in his holy Courts ye wait;  
Ye Saints that to his House belong,  
Or stand attending at his Gate.

II.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;  
To praise his Name is sweet Employ;  
*Israel* he chose of old, and still  
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

III.

The Lord himself will judge his Saints,  
He treats his Servants as his Friends;  
And when he hears their sore Complaints,  
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

IV.

## IV.

Thro' ev'ry Age the Lord declares  
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod;  
He gives his suffering Servants Rest,  
And will be known *th'* Almighty God.

## V.

Bless ye the Lord who taste his Love,  
People and Priests exalt his Name;  
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells;  
His Church is his *Jerusalem*.

LXXXI. *God alone to be praised.*

Psalm CXXXV.

## I.

**A**WAKE ye Saints, to praise your King,  
Your sweetest Passions raise;  
Your pious Pleasure, while you sing,  
Increasing with the Praise.

## II.

Great is the Lord, and Works unknown  
Are his Divine Employ;  
But still his Saints are near his Throne,  
His Treasure and his Joy.

## III.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, confess his Hand;  
He bids the Vapours rise;  
Lightning and Storms at his Command  
Sweep thro' the sounding Skies.

## IV.

All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd  
Is found with him alone:  
But *Heathen* Gods should ne'er be nam'd  
Where our *Jehovah's* known.

## V.



V.

Which of the Stocks and Stones they trust,  
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?  
In vain they worship glittering Dust,  
And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

O *Britain* know thy living God,  
Serve him with Faith and Fear:  
He makes thy Churches his Abode,  
And claims thine Honours there.

LXXXII. *The never ceasing Kindness of Heaven  
adored.* Psalm CXXXVI.

I.

**G**IVE Thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord;  
The Sovereign King of Kings;  
And be his Grace ador'd:  
His Power and Grace  
Are still the same;  
And let his Name  
Have endless Praise.

II.

How mighty is his Hand!  
What Wonders hath he done!  
He form'd the Earth and Seas,  
And spread the Heavens alone:  
Thy Mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure  
And ever sure  
Abides thy Word.

III.

## III.

His Wisdom fram'd the Sun  
 To crown the Day with Light :  
 The Moon and twinkling Stars  
 To chear the darksome Night.

His Power and Grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his Name  
 Have endless Praise.

## IV.

He saw the Nations lie  
 All perishing in Sin,  
 And pity'd the sad State  
 The ruin'd World was in :  
 Thy Mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy Word.

## V.

He sent his only Son  
 To save us from our Woe ;  
 From *Satan*, Sin, and Death,  
 And every hurtful Foe :

His Power and Grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his Name  
 Have endless Praise.

## VI.

Give Thanks aloud to God,  
 To God the heavenly King ;  
 And let the spacious Earth  
 His Works and Glories sing.

Thy

Thy Mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy Word.

LXXXIII. *Restoring and preserving Grace.*  
Psalm CXXXVIII.

I.

**W**ITH all my Powers of Heart and  
Tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my Song:  
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,  
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

II.

Angels that make thy Church their Care  
Shall witness my Devotion there:  
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes,  
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

III.

I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;  
Not all thy Works and Names below  
So much thy Power and Glory shew.

IV.

The God of Heaven maintains his State,  
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;  
But from his Throne descends to see  
The Sons of humble Poverty.

V.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;  
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,  
And keep my dying Faith alive.

VI.

## VI.

Grace will compleat what Grace begins,  
To save from Sorrows or from Sins :  
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

LXXXIV. *The ever-present, all seeing God.*  
Psalm CXXXIX.

## I.

**L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me  
thro';  
Thine Eye commands with piercing View  
My rising and my resting Hours,  
My Heart and Flesh with all their Powers.

## II.

Within thy circling Arms I stand ;  
On every Side I find thine Hand :  
Awake, asleep, at Home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

## III.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy Service and thy Love ;  
Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful Glory run ?

## IV.

If up to Heaven I take my Flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light :  
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,  
And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains,

## V.

Or should I try to shun thy Sight  
Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,

One



One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray,  
Would kindle Darknefs into Day.

VI.

O may thefe Thoughts poffefs my Breaf, t  
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I ref t  
Nor let my weaker Paflions dare  
Confernt to Sin, for God is there.

LXXXV. *Wifdom of God in the human Frame.*  
Pfalm CXXXIX.

I.

**W**HEN I with pleafing Wonder ftand,  
And all my Frame furvey,  
Lord, 'tis thy Work, I own thine Hand  
That built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins poffeft,  
Where unborn Nature grew ;  
'Thy Wifdom all my Features trac'd  
And all my Members drew.

III.

Thine Eye with nicelt Care furvey'd  
The Growth of every Part,  
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid  
Was copy'd by thy Art.

IV.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and  
Wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill ;  
But I review myfelf, and find  
Diviner Wonders ftill.

## V.

Thy awful Glories round me shine;  
 My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;  
 Lord, to thy Works of Nature join  
 Thy Miracles of Grace.

LXXXVI. *The Greatness of GOD.*  
 Psalm CXLV.

## I.

**M**Y God, my King, thy various Praise  
 Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;  
 Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue  
 Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

## II.

The Wings of every Hour shall bear  
 Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear:  
 And ev'ry setting Sun shall see  
 New Works of Duty done for thee.

## III.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim,  
 Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;  
 Thy Mercy swift; thine Anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

## IV.

Thy Works with sovereign Glory shine,  
 And speak thy Majesty divine;  
 Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim  
 The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

## V.

Let distant Times and Nations raise  
 The long Succession of thy Praise;  
 And unborn Ages make my Song  
 The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

## VI.

VI.

But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds?  
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds:  
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

LXXXVII. GOD *bearing Prayers.*

Psalm CXLV.

I.

**L**ET every Tongue thy Goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all:  
Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,  
And raise the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,  
Or Virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,  
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

III.

The Lord supports our tott'ring Days,  
And guides our giddy Youth:  
Holy and just are all his Ways,  
And all his Words are Truth.

IV.

He knows the Pains his Servants feel,  
He hears his Children cry,  
And their best Wishes to fulfil  
His Grace is ever nigh.

V.

His Mercy never shall remove  
From Men of Heart sincere;  
He saves the Souls whose humble Love  
Is join'd with holy Fear.

## VI.

My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,  
 And spread his Fame abroad :  
 Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise  
 The Honours of their God.

LXXXVIII. *God praised for his Goodness and Truth.* Psalm CXLVI.

## I.

**I**'LL praise my Maker with my Breath,  
 And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler Powers ;  
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While Life, and Thought, and Being last,  
 Or Immortality endures.

## II.

Why should I make a Man my Trust ?  
 Princes must die, and turn to Dust ;  
 Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood :  
 Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power  
 And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour,  
 Nor can they make their Promise good.

## III.

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely  
 On *Israel's* God ; he made the Sky,  
 And Earth and Seas, with all their Train :  
 His Truth for ever stands secure ;  
 He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor,  
 And none shall find his Promise vain.

## IV.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;  
 The Lord supports the sinking Mind ;  
 He sends the labouring Conscience Peace :  
 He



He helps the Stranger in Distress,  
The Widow and the Fatherless,  
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.  
V.

He loves his Saints ; he knows them well,  
But turns the Wicked down to Hell ;  
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns :  
Let every Tongue, let every Age  
In this exalted Work engage,  
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

LXXXIX. *A Song of Praise for Great-Britain.* Psalm CXLVII.

## I.

O *Britain*, praise thy mighty God,  
And make his Honours known abroad ;  
He bid the Ocean round thee flow :  
Not Walls of Brass could guard thee so.

## II.

Thy Children are secure and blest ;  
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest ;  
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,  
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.

## III.

Thy changing Seasons he ordains,  
Thine early and thy later Rains ;  
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,  
And thus the springing Corn defends.

## IV.

With hoary Frost he strows the Ground ;  
His Hail descends with clattering Sound :  
Where is the Man so vainly bold,  
That dares defy his dreadful Cold ?

## V.

He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow ;  
 The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow ;  
 But he hath nobler Works and Ways  
 To call the *Britons* to his Praise.

## VI.

To all the Isle his Laws are shewn ;  
 His Gospel thro' the Nation known ;  
 He hath not thus reveal'd his Word  
 To every Land—Praise ye the Lord.

XC. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*  
 Psalm CXLVIII.

## I.

**Y**E Tribes of *Adam* join  
 With Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,  
 And offer Notes divine  
 To your Creator's Praise :  
     Ye holy Throng  
     Of Angels bright,  
     In Worlds of Light  
     Begin the Song.

## II.

Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,  
 And Moon that rules the Night,  
 Shine to your Maker's Praise  
 With Stars of twinkling Light :  
     His Power declare  
     Ye Floods on high  
     And Clouds that fly  
     In empty Air.

## III.

III.

The shining Worlds above  
In glorious Order stand,  
Or in swift Courses move  
By his supreme Command.

He spake the Word,  
And all their Frame  
From nothing came  
To praise the Lord.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels  
In unknown Ages past,  
And each his Word fulfils  
While Time and Nature last.

In different Ways  
His Works proclaim  
His wondrous Name,  
And speak his Praise.

V.

Let all the Nations fear  
The God that rules above;  
He brings his People near,  
And makes them taste his Love.

While Earth and Sky  
Attempt his Praise,  
His Saints shall raise  
His Honours high.

XCI. *For the Fifth of November.*  
Psalm LXXV.

I.

**T**O thee, most holy, and most high,  
To thee we bring our thankful Praise;  
E 4 Thy

Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,  
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

## II.

*Britain* was doom'd to be a Slave;  
Her Fame dissolv'd, her Fears were great,  
When God a new Supporter gave,  
To bear the Pillars of the State.

## III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,  
And sware to rule by wholesome Laws;  
His Feet shall tread the Oppressor down,  
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

## IV.

Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful Head;  
But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,  
And own the King that God hath made.

## V.

Such Honours never come by Chance,  
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow:  
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low.

## VI.

Now shall the Lord exalt the Just;  
And while he tramples on the Proud,  
And lays their Glory in the Dust,  
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.

XCII. *On the Fifth of November.*  
Psalm CXXIV.

## I.

**H**AD not the *Lord*, may *Israel* say,  
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,  
When



When Men to make our Lives a Prey,  
Rose like the Swelling of the Tide.

## II.

The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,  
So fiercely did the Waters roll,  
We had been swallow'd deep in Death:  
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

## III.

We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;  
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,  
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

## IV.

For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare:  
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,  
And made our threat'ned Lives his Care.

## V.

Our Help is in *Jehovah's* Name,  
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;  
He that upholds that wondrous Frame  
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

XCIII. *Christ's Obedience and Death.*

Psalm LXIX.

## I.

**F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,  
I bless my Saviour's Name,  
He bought Salvation for the Poor,  
And bore the Sinner's Shame.

## II.

His deep Distress has rais'd us high,  
His Duty and his Zeal:

E 5

Fulfill'd

Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,  
And finish'd all thy Will.

## III.

His dying Groans, his living Songs,  
Shall better please my God,  
Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,  
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

## IV.

This shall his humble Followers see,  
And set their Hearts at Rest ;  
They by his Death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.

## V.

Let Heaven, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their Voices raise ;  
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,  
And join t' advance the Praise.

## VI.

*Zion* is thine, most holy God,  
Thy Son shall bless her Gates ;  
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood,  
For thy own *Israel* waits.

## XCIV. GOD's Sovereign Dominion.

## I.

**A**Lmighty God! thy powerful Word  
From nothing all Things brought ;  
Earth, Seas, and Skies, by thee their Lord,  
With Skill divine were wrought.

## II.

By thee preserv'd, the whole remains  
A Proof of Power divine ;

And

And all that this great All contains  
By sovereign Right is thine.

## III.

Thou over all art Lord supreme,  
All else from thee derive :  
No Being can dispute this Claim,  
Or independent live.

## IV.

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,  
To thee our all resign ;  
Entire to thee ourselves we vow,  
For we are wholly thine.

## V.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live,  
From other Lords withdrawn :  
No more to Idols Homage give,  
Nor think ourselves our own.

## VI.

Accept what now, without Reserve,  
We to thy Will resign :  
And let thy mighty Grace preserve,  
And perfect what is thine.

XCV. *Frail Life.*

## I.

**L**ORD, what a feeble Frame is ours !  
How vain a Thing is Man !  
How frail are all his boasted Powers !  
And short, at best, his Span !

## II.

Swift as the feather'd Arrow flies,  
And cuts the yielding Air ;

Or as a kindling Meteor dies,  
E'er it can well appear.

## III.

So pass our fleeting Years away,  
And Time runs on its Race:  
In vain we ask a Moment's Stay,  
Nor will it slack its Pace.

## IV.

But, Lord, what mighty Things depend  
On our precarious Breath!  
And soon this dying Life will end  
In endless Life or Death.

## V.

Oh! make us truly wise to learn  
How very frail we are;  
That we may mind our grand Concern,  
And for our Change prepare.

## VI.

May think of Death, and learn to die  
To all inferior Things;  
Whilst our glad Souls still soaring fly  
Tow'rds Life's eternal Springs.

## VII.

Then may we bid our Years roll on,  
And Time make Haste away:  
The sooner will our Souls be gone  
To endless Life and Day.

XCVI. *Divine Providence; and the Homage  
it demands.*

## I.

**G**REAT Lord of Earth, and Seas, and  
Skies,  
Thy Wealth the needy World supplies;



On thee alone the whole depends,  
Thy Care to ev'ry Part extends.

## II.

To thee perpetual Thanks we owe,  
For all our Comforts here below :  
Our daily Bread thy Bounty gives,  
Our starving Souls thy Grace relieves.

## III.

To thee we now glad Homage bring,  
In grateful Hymns thy Praises sing,  
Direct to thee our joyful Eyes,  
And humbly look for fresh Supplies.

## IV.

On thee we'll evermore depend,  
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend :  
Thy Wisdom shall our Portion chuse,  
Nor will we once thy Choice refuse.

## V.

And should thy Measures seem severe,  
Thy just Rebukes we'll calmly bear ;  
Without Complaint to thee submit,  
Th' unerring Judge of what is fit.

## VI.

Smile on us, Lord, we'll sing thy Praise :  
Correct, yet we'll commend thy Ways ;  
We'll our own Thoughts and Wills resign ;  
And still approve each Choice divine.

XCVII. *A Prayer for brotherly Love.*

## I.

**O** GOD, my Saviour, and my King,  
Of all I have or hope the Spring ;  
Send

Send down thy Spirit from above,  
And warm my Heart with holy Love.

## II.

May I from ev'ry Act abstain  
That hurts or gives my Neighbour Pain;  
And ev'ry secret Wish suppress,  
That would abridge his Happiness.

## III.

Still may I feel my Heart inclin'd,  
To act the Friend to all Mankind:  
Still wish them Safety, Health, and Ease,  
Wealth, Fame, eternal Life, and Peace.

## IV.

Still let my Bowels melt and flow,  
When I behold a Wretch in Woe;  
And in his Sorrows bear a Part,  
With ev'ry one of heavy Heart.

## V.

And should my Neighbour spiteful prove,  
Still let me vanquish Spite with Love,  
Slow to resent though he should grieve,  
But apt and ready to forgive.

## VI.

Let Love in all my Conduct shine,  
An Image faint, tho' fair of thine:  
Thus may I Christ's Disciple prove,  
Who came to manifest thy Love.

XCVIII. *A Thought of Sickness and Death.*

## I.

**M**Y Soul, the Minutes haste away;  
Apace comes on th' important Day,  
When

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III

When in the icy Arms of Death,  
I must give up my vital Breath.

### II.

Look forward to the awful Scene,  
How wilt thou be affected then ?  
When from on high some sharp Disease  
Resistless shall these Vitals seize.

### III.

When worldly Glories fade away,  
Fast as I feel my Life decay :  
Still dwindling till they disappear,  
Like Vapours lost in empty Air.

### IV.

When all Eternity's in Sight ;  
The brightest Day, or blackest Night :  
One Shock will break the Building down,  
And waft thee swift to Worlds unknown.

### V.

Oh, come, my Soul, the Matter weigh !  
How wilt thou leave thy kindred Clay ?  
And how the unknown Regions try,  
And launch into Eternity ?

### VI.

By Faith the heavenly Realms explore,  
Oft try the Wings, and upward soar :  
Be dead to Earth, dwell much on high,  
Then calmly live, and bravely die.

## XCIX. *Properties of Charity.*

### I.

**L**ET Men of high Conceit and Zeal,  
Their *Fervours* and their *Faith* proclaim ;  
If

If *Charity* be wanting still,  
The rest is but a sounding Name.

## II.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the Mind,  
And Zeal to set the World on Fire :  
But Charity is calm and kind,  
And gentle Thoughts will still inspire.

## III.

She's meek and patient, suff'ring-long,  
But slowly her Resentments rise :  
Soon she forgets the greatest Wrong,  
But Rage and all Revenge defies.

## IV.

She envies none their better State,  
But makes her Neighbour's Bliss her own :  
Nor vaunts herself with Mind elate,  
But still a modest Air puts on.

## V.

She drives all Malice from her Breast,  
To ill Suspicions ne'er gives way ;  
But ever hopes and thinks the best,  
And, as she thinks, is apt to say.

## VI.

This is the Grace that reigns on high;  
And brightly will for ever burn ;  
When *Hope* shall in Enjoyment die,  
And *Faith* to Sight triumphant turn.

C. *The happy Man.*

## I.

**B**LEST is the Man who fears the Lord,  
And walks with Pleasure in his Ways,  
Who



Who trembles at his holy Word,  
 And gladly his Command obeys :  
 His House with Blessings shall abound,  
 His Seed be mighty and renown'd,

## II.

A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart,  
 His Kindness widely he extends,  
 The Poor in all his Wealth have Part,  
 To some he gives, to others lends :  
 Yet what his Bounty wastes, repairs  
 By wisely ord'ring his Affairs.

## III.

When Times with dismal Face appear,  
 By frightful Clouds and Gloom o'erspread ;  
 His Heart shall entertain no Fear,  
 Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head :  
 His Faith shall bear his Courage up,  
 And God approve and crown his Hope.

## IV.

When raging Waves and Tempests roar,  
 And Sinners and their Hopes are drown'd ;  
 He'll sit, and see it, safe on Shore,  
 With Life and with Salvation crown'd :  
 On Earth renown, and Heav'n above,  
 Shall recompense his Faith and Love.

CI. *On the Death of Ministers.*

## I.

**N**OW let our mourning Hearts revive,  
 And all our Tears be dry :  
 Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief  
 Which view a Saviour nigh ?

## II.

## II.

What though the Arm of conqu'ring Death  
Does God's own House invade?  
What tho' the Prophet and the Priest  
Be number'd with the Dead?

## III.

Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust,  
The aged and the young,  
The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive Tongue.

## IV.

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives  
New Comfort to impart;  
His Eye still guides us, and his Voice  
Still animates our Hearts.

## V.

"Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,  
"My Church shall safe abide;  
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
"Whose Souls in me confide."

## VI.

Thro' every Scene of Life and Death,  
This Promise is our Trust;  
And this shall be our Children's Song,  
When we are cold in Dust.

CII. *The Year crowned with God's Goodness.  
For New-Years-Day.*

## I.

**E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!  
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ  
While in thy Temple we appear,  
Thy Goodness crowns the circling Year.

## II.

## II.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole :  
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

## III.

The flow'ry Spring at thy Command  
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land ;  
The Summer Rays with Vigour shine  
To raise the Corn, and chear the Vine.

## IV.

Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days,  
Demand successive Songs of Praise ;  
Still be the chearful Homage paid,  
With opening Light, and Evening Shade.

## V.

Here in thy House shall Incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes ;  
Still will we make thy Mercies known,  
Around thy Board, and round our own.

## VI.

O may our more harmonious Tongues  
In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs ;  
And in those brighter Courts adore,  
Where Days and Years revolve no more !

CIII. *God adored for his wonderful Works to  
the Children of Men.*

## I.

**Y**E Sons of Men, with Joy record  
The various Wonders of the Lord ;  
And let his Power and Goodness sound  
Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.

## II.

## II.

Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,  
Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light;  
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,  
And Stars that glow from Pole to Pole.

## III.

Sing Earth in verdant Robes array'd,  
Its Herbs and Flowers, its Fruit and Shade;  
Peopled with Life of various Forms,  
Fishes, and Fowls, and Beasts, and Worms,

## IV.

View the broad Sea's majestick Plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns:  
That Band remotest Nations joins,  
And on each Wave his Goodness shines.

## V.

But O! That brighter World above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!  
God's only Son in Flesh array'd,  
For Man a bleeding Victim made.

## VI.

Thither my Soul, with Rapture soar,  
There in the Land of Praise adore;  
This Theme demands an Angel's Lay,  
Demands an undeclining Day.

CIV. *Deliverance celebrated.*

## I.

Great Source of Life, our Souls confess  
The various Riches of thy Grace;  
Crown'd with thy Mercy we rejoice,  
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

## II.



## II.

By thee Heav'ns shining Arch was spread,  
By thee were Earth's Foundations laid,  
And all the Charms of Men's Abode  
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

## III.

Thy tender Hand restores our Breath,  
When trembling near the Verge of Death;  
Gently it wipes away our Tears,  
And lengthens Life to future Years.

## IV.

These Lives are sacred to the Lord;  
Kindled by him, by him restor'd:  
And while our Hours renew their Race,  
Still would we walk before his Face.

## V.

So when our Souls by him are led  
Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead;  
With Joy triumphant shall they move  
To Seats of nobler Life above.

CV. *The timorous Saint encouraged from the  
Presence and Help of God.*

## I.

**A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our Fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God, for ever near?

## II.

Doth thy Right Hand which form'd the  
Earth,  
And bears up all the Skies,

Stretch

Stretch from on high its friendly Aid,  
When Dangers round us rise?

## III.

Dost thou a Father's Bowels feel  
For all thy humble Saints?  
And in such tender Accents speak  
To sooth their sad Complaints?

## IV.

On this support my Soul shall lean,  
And banish every Care;  
The gloomy Vale of Death must smile,  
If God be with me there.

## V.

While I his gracious Succour prove  
'Midst all my various Ways,  
The darkest Shades, thro' which I pass,  
Shall eccho with his Praise.

CVI. *God's Government, Zion's Joy.*

## I.

**Y**E Subjects of the Lord, proclaim  
The royal Honours of his Name;  
*Jehovah reigns*, be all your Song:  
'Tis he, thy God, O *Zion* reigns,  
Prepare thy most harmonious Strains,  
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

## II.

Ye Princes, boast no more your Crowns,  
But lay the glitt'ring Trifles down  
In lowly Honours at his Feet:  
A Span your narrow Empire bounds,  
He reigns beyond created Rounds,  
In self-sufficient Glory great.

## III.

## III.

Tremble, ye Pageants of a Day,  
 Form'd like your Slaves of brittle Clay,  
 Down to the Dust your Sceptres bend;  
 To everlasting Years he reigns,  
 And undiminish'd Pomp maintains  
 When Kings, and Suns, and Time shall  
 end.

## IV.

So shall his favour'd *Zion* live;  
 In vain confederate Nations strive  
 Her sacred Turrets to destroy:  
 Her Sovereign sits enthron'd above,  
 And endless Power, and endless Love  
 Insure her Safety, and her Joy.

CVII. *A Prayer for the Revival of Religion.*

## I.

**I**ndulgent Sovereign of the Skies,  
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious Ear?  
 While feeble Mortals raise their Cries,  
 Wilt thou, the great *Jehovah*, hear?

## II.

Look down, O God with pitying Eye,  
 And view the Desolation round;  
 See what wide Realms in Darkness lie,  
 And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

## III.

Loud let the Gospel Trumpet blow,  
 And call the Nations from afar;  
 Let all the Isles their Saviour know,  
 And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

## IV.

## IV.

With gentle Beams on *Britain* shine,  
And bless her Princes and her Priests ;  
And by their Energy divine,  
Let sacred Love o'erflow their Breasts.

## V.

Triumphant here let *Jesus* reign,  
And on his Vineyard sweetly smile ;  
While all the Virtues of his Train  
Adorn our Church, and bless our Isle.

## VI.

On all our Souls let Grace descend,  
Like heavenly Dew, in copious Showers ;  
That we may call our God our Friend,  
That we may hail Salvation ours.

## VII.

Then shall each Age and Rank agree  
United Shouts of Joy to raise :  
And *Zion* made a Praise by thee,  
To thee shall render back the Praise.

CVIII. *God the Support and Guardian of the  
Poor.*

## I.

**P**RAISE to the Sovereign of the Sky,  
Who from his lofty Throne ;  
Looks down on all that humble lie,  
And calls such Souls his own.

## II.

The haughty Sinner he disdains,  
Tho' Gems his Temples crown ;  
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride  
His Vengeance hurls him down.

## III.



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## III.

On his afflicted *pious* Poor  
He makes his Face to shine ;  
He fills their Cottages of Clay  
With Lustre all divine.

## IV.

Among the meanest of thy Flock  
There let my Dwelling be,  
Rather than under gilded Roofs,  
If absent, Lord, from thee.

## V.

Poor and afflicted though we are,  
In thy strong Name we trust ;  
And bless the Hand of sov'reign Love,  
Which lifts us from the Dust.

CIX. *Invitation to the sacred Supper.*

## I.

**A**ND will thy Table, Lord, be spread ?  
And will thy Cup with Love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy Children led,  
And let them all its Sweetness know.

## II.

Hail sacred Feast, which *Jesus* makes !  
Rich Banquet of his Flesh and Blood !  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food !

## III.

Why are its Dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling Hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the Victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the Children's Bread ?

## F

## IV.

## IV.

With gentle Beams on *Britain* shine,  
And bless her Princes and her Priests ;  
And by their Energy divine,  
Let sacred Love o'erflow their Breasts.

## V.

Triumphant here let *Jesus* reign,  
And on his Vineyard sweetly smile ;  
While all the Virtues of his Train  
Adorn our Church, and bless our Isle.

## VI.

On all our Souls let Grace descend,  
Like heavenly Dew, in copious Showers ;  
That we may call our God our Friend,  
That we may hail Salvation ours.

## VII.

Then shall each Age and Rank agree  
United Shouts of Joy to raise :  
And *Zion* made a Praise by thee,  
To thee shall render back the Praise.

CVIII. *God the Support and Guardian of the Poor.*

## I.

**P**RAISE to the Sovereign of the Sky,  
Who from his lofty Throne ;  
Looks down on all that humble lie,  
And calls such Souls his own.

## II.

The haughty Sinner he disdains,  
Tho' Gems his Temples crown ;  
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride  
His Vengeance hurls him down.

## III.

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## III.

On his afflicted *pious* Poor  
He makes his Face to shine ;  
He fills their Cottages of Clay  
With Lustre all divine.

## IV.

Among the meanest of thy Flock  
There let my Dwelling be,  
Rather than under gilded Roofs,  
If absent, Lord, from thee.

## V.

Poor and afflicted though we are,  
In thy strong Name we trust ;  
And bless the Hand of sov'reign Love,  
Which lifts us from the Dust.

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And will thy Cup with Love o'erflow ?  
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Rich Banquet of his Flesh and Blood !  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food !

### III.

Why are its Dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling Hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the Victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the Children's Bread ?

### F

### IV.

## IV.

O let thy Table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful Guests;  
And may each Soul Salvation see,  
That here its sacred Pledges tastes.

## V.

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd,  
With Hearts inflam'd let all attend;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's Board,  
The Pleasure, or the Profit end.

## VI.

Revive thy dying Churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping Graces live;  
And more that Energy afford,  
Which Righteousness and Joy will give.

CX. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

## I.

**T**O Thee, O God, we Homage pay,  
Source of the Light that rules the Day,  
Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,  
Reflects thy Rays, and speaks thy Name.

## II.

In louder Strains we sing that Grace,  
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness;  
Whose nobler Light Salvation brings,  
And scatters Healing from his Wings.

## III.

Still on our Hearts may *Jesus* shine  
With Beams of Light and Love divine!  
Quick'ned by him our Souls shall live,  
And, cheer'd by him, shall grow and thrive.

## IV.



## IV.

O may his Glories stand confess'd  
 From *North* to *South*, from *East* to *West*!  
 Successful may his Gospel run,  
 Wide as the Circuit of the Sun!

## V.

When shall that radiant Scene arise,  
 When, fix'd on high in purer Skies;  
*Christ* all his Lustre shall display  
 On all his Saints thro' endless Day!

CXI. *Grace perfected in Glory.*

## I.

**H**OW rich thy Favours, God of Grace!  
 How various and divine!  
 Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,  
 And bright as Heav'n they shine.

## II.

He to eternal Glory calls,  
 And leads the wond'rous Way  
 To his own Palace, where he reigns  
 In uncreated Day.

## III.

*Jesus*, the Herald of his Love,  
 Displays the radiant Prize,  
 And shews the Purchase of his Blood  
 To our admiring Eyes.

## IV.

He perfects what his Hand begins,  
 And Stone on Stone he lays;  
 Till firm and fair the Building rise,  
 A Temple to his Praise.

## V.

The Songs of everlasting Years  
That Mercy shall attend,  
Which leads thro' Suff'rings of an Hour  
To Joys that never end.

CXII. *The Dissolution of the present World.*

## I.

**M**Y weaken'd Soul, extend thy Wings  
Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;  
See this vain World in Smoke decay,  
And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

## II.

Behold the fiery Deluge roll  
Thro' Heaven's wide Arch from Pole to Pole:  
Pale Sun, no more thy Lustre boast;  
Tremble and fall, ye starry Host.

## III.

This Wreck of Nature all around,  
The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound  
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,  
And echo his tremendous Name.

## IV.

Children of *Adam* all appear,  
With Rev'rence round his awful Bar;  
For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless Bliss, or endless Woe.

## V.

Lord, to mine Eyes this Scene display  
Frequent thro' each revolving Day,  
And let thy Grace my Soul prepare  
To meet its full Redemption there!

CXIII.

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CXIII. *Communion with God and Christ.*

I.

**O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
And *Christ* invites us near;  
With both our Friendship shall be sweet,  
And our Communion dear.

II.

God pities all my Grievs,  
He pardons every Day;  
Almighty to protect my Soul,  
And wise to guide my Way.

III.

How large his Bounties are!  
What various Stores of Good  
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,  
And purchas'd with his Blood!

IV.

*Jesus*, my living Head,  
I bleſs thy faithful Care;  
Mine Advocate before thy Throne,  
And my Forerunner there.

V.

Here fix my roving Heart,  
Here wait my warmest Love,  
Till the Communion be compleat,  
In nobler Scenes above.

CXIV. *Christ, the King of the invisible World.*

I.

**H**AIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
Who holds the Keys of Death and  
Hell!

The spacious World unseen is his,  
And sovereign Power becomes him well.

## II.

In Shame and Torment once he died;  
But now he lives for evermore:  
Bow down ye Saints, around his Seat,  
And all ye Angel Bands adore.

## III.

So may he live a glorious Lord,  
To crush his Foes, and guard his Friends;  
While all his faithful Tribes rejoice,  
That his Dominion never ends.

## IV.

Worthy his Hand to hold the Keys,  
Guided by Wisdom, and by Love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life,  
O'er Worlds below, and Worlds above.

## V.

When Death his Servants shall invade,  
When Powers of Hell his Church annoy;  
Controul'd by him, their Rage shall help  
The Cause, they labour'd to destroy.

## VI.

O may he reign a glorious King,  
Wide thro' the Earth his Name be known;  
And call my longing Soul to sing  
Sublimers Anthems near his Throne.

CXV. *The Bounties of Providence praised.*

## I.

**F**ATHER of Lights, we sing thy Name,  
Who kindlest up the Lamp of Day;  
Wide



Wide as he spreads his golden Flame,  
His Beams thy Power and Love display.

## II.

Fountain of Good, from thee proceed  
The copious Drops of genial Rain;  
Which, thro' the Hills, and thro' the Meads,  
Revive the Grass, and swell the Grain.

## III.

Thro' the wide World thy Bounties spread;  
Yet Millions of our guilty Race,  
Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,  
Affront thy Law, and spurn thy Grace.

## IV.

Not so may our forgetful Hearts  
O'erlook the Tokens of thy Care;  
But what thy lib'ral Hand imparts  
Still own in Praise, still ask in Prayer.

## V.

So shall our Suns more grateful shine,  
And Show'rs in sweeter Drops shall fall,  
When all our Hearts and Lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

## VI.

May Christ our brighter Sun arise,  
In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit send;  
Earth then shall grow a Paradise,  
And in the heav'nly *Eden* end.

CXVI. *The final Happiness of the Righteous.*

## I.

**A**TTEND mine Ear, my Heart rejoice;  
While *Jesus* from his Throne,

Amidst the bright Angelic Hosts,  
Makes his last Sentence known.

## II.

When Sinners, banish'd from his Face,  
To raging Flames are driv'n,  
His Voice, with Melody divine,  
Thus calls his Saints to Heaven.

## III.

" Blest of my Father, all draw near,  
" Receive the large Reward :  
" And rise with Triumph to possess  
" The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

## IV.

" E'er Earth's Foundations first were laid,  
" This Sov'reign Purpose wrought,  
" And rear'd those Palaces divine  
" To which you now are brought.

## V.

" There shall you reign unnumber'd Years,  
" Protected by my Power,  
" While Sin, and Hell, and Pains, and Cares,  
" Shall vex your Souls no more."

## VI.

May Christ our glorious Saviour come,  
This *Jubilee* proclaim,  
And teach us Accents fit to praise  
So great, so dear a Name.

CXVII. *Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.*

## I.

SEE, *Israel's* gentle Shepherd stands  
With all engaging Charms ;

Hark,

Hark, how he calls his tender Lambs,  
And folds them in his Arms!

## II.

“ Permit them to approach, he cries,  
“ Nor scorn their humble Name;  
“ It was to bless such Souls as these,  
“ The Lord of Angels came.”

## III.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful Hands,  
And yield them up to thee:  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our Offspring be.

## IV.

Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear,  
Ye Children, seek his Face;  
And fly with Transports to receive  
The Blessings of his Grace.

## V.

If Orphans they are left behind;  
Thy Guardian Care we trust:  
That Care shall heal our bleeding Hearts;  
If weeping o'er their Dust.

CXVIII. *Hosannas to Christ coming.*

## I.

**H**ARK the glad Sound! the Saviour  
comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long!  
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,  
And every Voice a Song.

## II.

On him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred Fire;

Wisdom, and Might, and Zeal, and Love,  
His holy Breast inspire.

## III.

He comes the Pris'ners to release  
In *Satan's* Bondage held;  
The Gates of Brass before him burst,  
The Iron Fetters yield.

## IV.

He comes from thickest Films of Vice  
To clear the mental Ray;  
And on the Eye oppress'd with Night  
To pour celestial Day.

## V.

He comes the broken Heart to bind,  
The bleeding Soul to cure;  
And with the Treasures of his Grace  
T'enrich the humble Poor.

## VI.

Our glad *Hofannas*, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And Heaven's eternal Arches ring  
With thy beloved Name.

CXIX. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

## I.

**Y**ES, the Redeemer rose,  
The Saviour left the Dead;  
And o'er our hellish Foes  
High rais'd his conquering Head.  
In wild Dismay  
The Guards around  
Fell to the Ground,  
And sunk away.



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## II.

Lo, the Angelic Bands  
In full Assembly meet,  
To wait his high Commands,  
And worship at his Feet:

Joyful they come  
And wing their Way  
From Realms of Day  
To such a Tomb.

## III.

Then back to Heav'n they fly,  
And the glad Tidings bear:  
Hark! as they soar on high  
What Musick fills the Air!

Their Anthems say  
*Jesus* who bled  
Hath left the Dead;  
He rose To-day.

## IV.

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,  
Preserv'd by him from Hell;  
And send the Tidings round  
The Globe on which you dwell:

Transported cry,  
*Jesus* who bled  
Hath left the Dead  
No more to die.

## V.

All-hail, triumphant King,  
Thou rising reigning Lord,  
Who sav'st us by thy Life!  
Wide be thy Name ador'd,

F 6

With

With thee we rise,  
With thee we reign,  
And Empire gain  
Beyond the Skies.

CXX. *A crucified Jesus adored.*

I.

**B**EHOLD, th' amazing Sight,  
The Saviour lifted high!  
Behold, the Son of God's Delight,  
Expire in Agony!

II.

For whom, for whom, my Heart,  
Were all these Sorrows born?  
Why did he feel that piercing Smart,  
And meet that various Scorn?

III.

For Love of us he bled,  
And all in Torture dy'd;  
'Twas Love that bow'd his fainting Head,  
And op'd his gushing Side.

IV.

I see, and I adore  
In Sympathy of Love;  
I feel the strong attractive Power  
To lift my Soul above.

V.

Drawn by such Cords as these  
Let all the Earth combine,  
With chearful Ardor to confess  
The Energy divine.

VI.

## VI.

In thee our Hearts unite,  
 Nor share thy Grievs alone;  
 But from thy Cross pursue their Flight  
 To thy triumphant Throne.

CXXI. *God our Guardian and Helper.  
 For a New-Year's Day.*

## I.

**G**reat God, we sing that mighty Hand,  
 By which supported still we stand:  
 The op'ning Year thy Mercy shews,  
 That Mercy crowns it, till it close.

## II.

By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,  
 Still are we guarded by our God,  
 By his incessant Bounty fed,  
 By his unerring Counsel led.

## III.

With grateful Hearts the Past we own;  
 The Future all to us unknown,  
 We to thy Guardian Care commit,  
 And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

## IV.

In Scenes exalted or depress'd  
 Thou art our Joy, and thou our Rest:  
 Thy Goodness all our Hopes shall raise  
 Ador'd thro' all our changing Days..

## V.

When Death shall interrupt these Songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal Tongues,  
 Our *Helper* God, in whom we trust,  
 In better Worlds our Souls shall boast.

CXXII.

CXXII. *The Nativity of Christ.*

## I.

**B**E HOLD, the Grace appears,  
 The Promise is fulfill'd:  
*Mary* the wond'rous Virgin bears,  
 And *Jesus* is the Child.

## II.

The Lord, the highest God,  
 Calls him his only Son;  
 He bids him rule the Lands abroad,  
 And gives him *David's* Throne.

## III.

To bring the glorious News,  
 A heavenly Form appears;  
 He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,  
 And banishes their Fears.

## IV.

Go, humble Swains, said he,  
 "To *David's* City fly:  
 "The promis'd Infant born To-day,  
 "Doth in a Manger lie.

## V.

"With Looks and Hearts serene  
 "Go visit *Christ* your King;"  
 And strait a flaming Troop was seen,  
 The Shepherds heard them sing.

## VI.

*Glory to God on high,  
 And Heavenly Peace on Earth,  
 Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,  
 At the Redeemer's Birth.*

## VII.



In Worship so divine  
Let Saints employ their Tongues ;  
With the celestial Host we join,  
And loud repeat their Songs.

CXXIII. *Submission to afflictive Providences.*

I.

**T**H E dear Delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short Favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

II.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the Grave ;  
He gives, and (blessed be his Name)  
He takes but what he gave.

III.

Peace all our angry Passions then,  
Let each rebellious Sigh  
Be silent at his Sovereign Will,  
And every Murmur die.

IV.

If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,  
Its Praises shall be spread ;  
And we'll adore the Justice too  
That strikes our Comforts dead.

CXXIV. *A Vision of the Lamb.*

I.

**A** L L mortal Vanities be gone,  
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears ;  
Behold

Behold, amidst the eternal Throne,  
A Vision of the Lamb appears!

## II.

Lo, he receives a sealed Book  
From him that sits upon the Throne;  
*Jesus* my Lord, prevails to look  
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.

## III.

The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony  
Flies o'er the everlasting Hills,  
*Worthy art thou alone* (they cry)  
*To read the Book, to loose the Seals.*

## IV.

Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,  
And with transporting Pleasure sing,  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
To be our Teacher and our King.

## V.

Worthy for ever is the Lord,  
That dy'd for Treasons not his own,  
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,  
And sit upon his Father's Throne.

CXXV. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection  
of Christ.*

## I.

**B** L E S T be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,  
His Majesty ador'd.

## II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the Sky,

He

He gave our Souls a lively Hope  
That they should never die.

## III.

What tho' God's Wisdom doth require  
Our Flesh to see the Dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his Followers must.

## IV.

There's an Inheritance divine  
Reserv'd against that Day,  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot waste away.

## V.

Saints by the Power of God are kept  
Till the Salvation come;  
We walk by Faith as Strangers here,  
Till *Christ* shall call us Home.

CXXVI. *Saints glorified.*

## I.

**T**HESE glorious Minds, how bright they  
shine!  
*Whence all their white Array?  
How came they to the happy Seats  
Of everlasting Day?*

## II.

Patient they suffer'd for the Lord,  
And did the Will of God:  
Thus they secur'd their Maker's Love,  
And gain'd this blest Abode.

## III.

Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his Throne,

Their

Their warbling Harps, and sacred Songs,  
Adore the Holy One.

## IV.

The unvail'd Glories of his Face,  
Amongst his Saints reside ;  
While the rich Treasure of his Grace,  
See all their Wants supply'd.

## V.

Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls,  
And Hunger flee as fast :  
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree  
Shall be their sweet Repast.

## VI.

The Lamb shall lead his heavenly Flock  
Where living Fountains rise ;  
And Love divine shall wipe away  
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

CXXVII. *The Christian Race.*

## I.

**A**WAKE our Souls (away our Fears,  
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)  
Awake, and run the heavenly Race,  
And put a chearful Courage on.

## II.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny Road,  
And mortal Spirits tire and faint,  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

## III.

The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r  
Is ever new and ever young ;

And



And firm endures while endless Years  
Their everlasting Circles run.

## IV.

From thee the overflowing Spring,  
Our Souls shall draw a large Supply,  
While such as seek refreshing Draughts  
From mortal Streams shall droop and die.

## V.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;  
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly Road.

CXXVIII. *Persevering Grace.*

## I.

**T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the Saints below the Skies  
Their humble Praises bring.

## II.

'Tis his Almighty Love,  
His Counsel and his Care,  
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,  
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

## III.

He will present our Souls  
Unblemish'd and compleat,  
Before the Glory of his Face,  
With Joys divinely great.

## IV.

Then all the faithful Seed  
Shall meet around the Throne,

Shall

Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,  
And make his Wonders known.

V.

To our most gracious God  
Wisdom and Power belongs,  
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,  
And everlasting Songs.

CXXIX. *Christ our high Priest and King;  
and Christ coming to Judgment.*

I.

**N**OW to the Lord that makes us know  
The Wonders of his dying Love,  
Be humble Honours paid below,  
And Strains of nobler Praise above.

II.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest Sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest Blood;  
'Tis he that makes us Kings and Priests,  
And brings us Rebels near to God.

III.

To *Jesus* our most gracious Priest,  
To *Jesus* our superior King,  
Be everlasting Power confest,  
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.

IV.

Behold, on flying Clouds he comes,  
And ev'ry Eye shall see him move;  
The disobedient World shall mourn,  
While good Men triumph in his Love.

CXXX.

CXXX. *Adoption.*

## I.

**B**EHOLD, what wond'rous Grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On Sinners of a mortal Race,  
To call them Sons of God!

## II.

Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our God.

## III.

A Hope, so much divine,  
May Trials well endure,  
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,  
As *Christ* the Lord is pure.

## IV.

Why then shou'd Christians lie  
Like Slaves beneath the Throne?  
Our Faith shall heav'nly Father cry;  
And God the Kindred own.

CXXXI. *The Beatitudes.*

## I.

**B**LEST are the humble Souls that see  
Their Emptiness and Poverty;  
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,  
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.

## II.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From Rage, and Passion, Noise, and War;  
God will secure their happy State,  
And plead their Cause against the Great.

## III.

## III.

Blest are the Souls that thirst for Grace,  
Hunger and long for Righteousness;  
They shall be well supply'd and fed  
With living Streams, and living Bread.

## IV.

Blest are the pure, whose Heart is clean  
From the defiling Powers of Sin;  
With endless Pleasures they shall see  
A God of spotless Purity.

## V.

Blest are the Men of peaceful Life,  
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;  
They shall be called the Heirs of Bliss,  
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.

## VI.

Blest are the Sufferers who partake  
Of Pain and Shame for *Jesus's* Sake;  
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

CXXXII. *Heaven invisible, and holy.*

## I.

**N**OR Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard,  
Nor Sense nor Reason known,  
What Joys the Father has prepar'd  
For those that love the Son.

## II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a Heav'n to come;  
The Beams of Glory in his Word  
Allure and guide us Home.

## III.



## III.

Pure are the Joys above the Sky,  
And all the Region Peace;  
No wanton Lips, or envious Eye  
Can see or taste the Bliss.

## IV.

These holy Gates for ever bar  
Pollution, Sin, and Shame;  
None shall obtain Admittance there  
But Followers of the Lamb.

## V.

He keeps the Father's Book of Life,  
There all their Names are found;  
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CXXXIII. *Children devoted to God.*

## I.

**T**HUS saith the Mercy of the Lord,  
I'll be a God to thee;  
I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they  
Shall be a Seed for me.

## II.

*Abra'm* believ'd the promis'd Grace,  
And gave his Son to God;  
But water seals the Blessing now  
That once was seal'd with Blood.

## III.

Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her House,  
When she receiv'd the Word;  
Thus the believing Jaylor gave  
His Household to the Lord.

## IV.

## IV.

Thus later Saints, eternal King,  
Thine antient Truth embrace;  
To thee their Infant Offspring bring,  
And humbly claim the Grace.

CXXXIV. *Christ's Compassion to the Weak  
and Tempted*

## I.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace  
Of our high Priest above;  
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,  
His Bowels melt with Love.

## II.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within  
He knows our feeble Frame,  
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,  
For he has felt the ſame.

## III.

But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure  
The great Redeemer ſtood,  
While *Satan's* fiery Darts he bore,  
And did reſiſt to Blood.

## IV.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh  
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears;  
And in his Measure feels aſreſh  
What every Member bears.

## V.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,  
But raiſe it to a Flame;  
The bruifed Reed he never breaks,  
Nor ſcorns the meanest Name.

## VI.

VI.

Then let our humble Faith address  
His Mercy and his Power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace  
In the distressing Hour.

CXXXV. *Love and Hatred.*

I.

NOW, by the Bowels of my Lord,  
His sharp Distress, his sore Com-  
plaints,  
By his last Groans, his dying Blood,  
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

II.

Clamour, and Wrath, and War be gone,  
Envy and Spite for ever cease,  
Let bitter Words no more be known  
Amongst the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

III.

The Spirit like a peaceful Dove  
Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife;  
Why should we vex and grieve his Love,  
Who seals our Souls to heav'nly Life.

IV.

Tender and kind be all our Thoughts,  
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run:  
So God forgives our num'rous Faults  
Of his own Grace in *Christ* his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

I.

GOD is a Spirit just and wise,  
He sees our inmost Mind:

G

In

In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,  
And leave our Souls behind.

## II.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne  
With Honour can appear:  
The painted Hypocrites are known,  
Thro' the Disguise they wear.

## III.

Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,  
Their bending Knees the Ground;  
But God abhors the Sacrifice  
Where not the Heart is found.

## IV.

Lord, search my Thoughts, and try my  
Ways,  
And make my Soul Sincere;  
Then shall I stand before thy Face,  
And find Acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by divine Grace.*

## I.

**N**OW to the Power of God Supreme  
Be everlasting Honours giv'n,  
He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)  
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heaven.

## II.

Not for their Duties or Deserts,  
But of his own abounding Grace,  
He gave the Gospel to Mankind,  
To form a People for his Praise.

## III.

*Jesús*, the Lord, appears at last,  
And makes his Father's Counsels known;  
Declares



Declares the great Transactions past,  
And brings immortal Blessings down.

## IV.

He dies; and, in that dreadful Night,  
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy;  
Rising he brought our Heav'n to Light,  
And took Possession of the Joy.

CXXXVIII. *The Names and Titles of*  
Christ.

## I.

WITH chearful Voice I sing  
The Titles of my Lord,  
And borrow all the Names  
Of Honour from his Word:  
Nature and Art  
Can ne'er supply  
Sufficient Forms  
Of Majesty.

## II.

In *Jesus* we behold  
His Father's glorious Face,  
Shining for ever bright  
With mild and lovely Rays:  
Th' eternal God's  
Beloved Son,  
Inherits and  
Partakes the Throne.

## III.

The sovereign *King of Kings*,  
The *Lord of Lords* most high,  
Writes his own Name upon  
His Garment and his Thigh:

His Name is call'd  
The Word of God;  
He rules the Earth  
With Iron Rod.

## IV.

Immense Compassion reigns  
In our Redeemer's Heart,  
When he descends to act  
A Mediator's Part :

He is a Friend,  
And Brother too ;  
Divinely kind,  
Divinely true.

## V.

At length the Lord the *Judge*  
His awful Throne ascends,  
And drives the Rebels far  
From Favourites and Friends :  
Then shall the Saints  
Compleatly prove  
The Heights and Depths  
Of all his Love.

CXXXIX. *The Offices of Christ.*

## I.

**J** OIN all the glorious Names  
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,  
That ever Mortals knew,  
That Angels ever bore :  
All are too mean  
To speak his Worth,  
Too mean to set  
My *Saviour* forth.

## II.

## II.

But, O, what gentle Terms,  
What condescending Ways,  
Doth our *Redeemer* use  
To teach his heav'nly Grace !  
    Mine Eyes with Joy  
    And Wonder see  
    What Forms of Love  
    He bears for me.

## III.

Array'd in mortal Flesh  
He like an *Angel* stands,  
And holds the Promises  
And Pardons in his Hands :  
    Commision'd from  
    His Father's Throne,  
    To make his Grace  
    To Mortals known.

## IV.

Great *Prophet* of my God,  
My Tongue would bless thy Name ;  
By thee the joyful News  
Of our Salvation came ;  
    The joyful News  
    Of Sins forgiv'n,  
    Of Hell subdu'd,  
    And Peace with Heav'n.

## V.

Now let my Soul arise,  
And tread the Tempter down ;  
My *Captain* leads me forth  
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint  
 Shall win the Day  
 Tho' Death and Hell  
 Obstruct the Way.

CXL. *A Song of Praise to God from  
 Great-Britain.*

## I.

Nature, with all her Powers, shall sing  
 God the Creator and the King:  
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,  
 Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

## II.

Begin to make his Glories known,  
 Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne;  
 Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound  
 To the Creation's utmost Bound.

## III.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,  
 Exert your Force, and own his Name;  
 Whilst with our Souls, and with our Voice,  
 We sing his Honours, and our Joys.

## IV.

This *Northern* Isle, our native Land,  
 Lies safe in God th' Almighty's Hand:  
 Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,  
 And wear the captivating Chain.

## V.

Raise monumental Praises high  
 To him that thunders thro' the Sky,  
 And with an awful Nod or Frown  
 Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

## VI.



## VI.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;  
The strongest Notes that Angels raise  
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

CXLI. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

## I.

**W**HY do we mourn departing Friends?  
Or shake at Death's Alarms?  
'Tis but the Voice that *Jesus* sends,  
To call them to his Arms.

## II.

Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as Time can move?  
Nor would we wish the Hours more slow,  
To keep us from our Love.

## III.

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their Bodies to the Tomb?  
There the dear Flesh of *Jesus* lay,  
And left a long Perfume.

## IV.

The Graves of all the Saints he blest,  
And soften'd every Bed;  
Where should the dying Members rest,  
But with the dying Head?

## V.

Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And shew'd our Feet the Way;  
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly  
At the great Rising-Day.

## VI.

Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,  
 And bid our Kindred rise;  
 Awake ye Nations under Ground,  
 Ye Saints, ascend the Skies.

CXLII. *A Hymn for Morning and Evening.*

## I.

**H**OSANNA, with a chearful Sound,  
 To God's upholding Hand;  
 Ten thousand Snares attend us round,  
 And yet secure we stand.

## II.

That was a most amazing Pow'r  
 That rais'd us with a Word;  
 And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour,  
 We lean upon the Lord.

## III.

The Ev'ning rests our weary Head,  
 And Angels guard the Room;  
 We wake, and we admire the Bed  
 That was not made our Tomb.

## IV.

The rising Morn cannot assure  
 That we shall end the Day,  
 For Death stands ready at the Door  
 To take our Lives away.

## V.

God is our Sun, whose daily Light  
 Our Joy and Safety brings;  
 Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night  
 Beneath his shady Wings.

CXLIII.

CXLIII. *The Hope of Heaven our Support  
under Trials on Earth.*

I.

**W**HEN I can read my Title clear  
To Mansions in the Skies,  
I bid Farewell to every Fear,  
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

II.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,  
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at *Satan's* Rage,  
And face a frowning World.

III.

Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,  
And Storms of Sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my Home,  
My God, my Heaven, my All.

IV.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul  
In Seas of heav'nly Rest;  
And not a Wave of Trouble roll  
Across my peaceful Breast.

CXLIV. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

I.

**I** Send the Joys of Earth away,  
Away ye Tempters of the Mind,  
False as the smooth deceitful Sea,  
And empty as the whistling Wind.

II.

Your Streams have carry'd Souls along  
Down to the Gulph of black Despair;  
G 5 And

And if I listen to your Song,  
My dreadful Portion must be there.

## III.

Lord, I adore thy matchless Grace,  
That warns me of that dark Abyfs;  
That draws me from those treach'rous Seas,  
And bids me seek superior Blifs.

## IV.

Now to the shining Realms above  
I stretch my Hands, and raise mine Eyes;  
O for the Pinions of a Dove,  
To bear me to the upper Skies.

## V.

There from the Presence of my God  
Oceans of endless Pleasures roll;  
There would I fix my last Abode,  
And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

CXLV. *The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.*

## I.

**S**ING to the Lord, that built the Skies,  
The Lord that rear'd this stately Frame;  
Let all the Nations sound his Praise,  
And ev'ry Heart adore his Name.

## II.

He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills,  
Made ev'ry Drop and ev'ry Dust,  
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,  
And push'd them into Motion first.

## III.

Now from his high imperial Throne,  
He looks far down upon the Spheres;

He



He bids the shining Orbs roll on,  
And round he turns our hasty Years.

## IV.

Thus shall this moving Engine last,  
Till all his Saints are gather'd in;  
Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blast  
To shake it all to Dust again!

## V.

Yet when the Sound shall tear the Skies,  
And Lightning burn the Globe below,  
Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes,  
There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

CXLVI. *Our frail Bodies, and God our  
Preserver.*

## I.

**L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor Death, nor Danger fear;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble Things we are.

## II.

Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay;  
A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,  
And fades the Grass away.

## III.

Our Life contains a thousand Springs,  
And dies if one be gone:  
Strange! that a Harp of thousand Strings  
Should keep in Tune so long.

## IV.

Eut 'tis our God supports our Frame,  
The God that built us first;

Salvation to th' Almighty Name  
That rear'd us from the Dust.

V.

While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore;  
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.

CXLVII. *Death and Eternity.*

I.

**S**TOOP down my Thoughts, that use  
to rise,

Converse a-while with Death;  
Think how a gasping Mortal lies,  
And pants away his Breath.

II.

His quiv'ring Lip hangs feeble down,  
His Pulses faint and few,  
Then, speechless, with a doleful Groan,  
He bids the World adieu.

III.

But, oh, the Soul that never dies!  
At once it leaves the Clay!  
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous Way.

IV.

Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,  
It mounts triumphing there;  
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,  
In infinite Despair.

V.

And must my Body faint and die?  
And must this Soul remove;

Oh,

Oh, for some Guardian Angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above!

## VI.

*Jesus*, to thy dear faithful Hand,  
My naked Soul I trust;  
And my Flesh waits for thy Command,  
To drop into my Dust.

CXLVIII. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

## I.

COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our Joys be known;  
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,  
And thus surround the Throne.

## II.

The Sorrows of the Mind  
Be banish'd from the Place!  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our Pleasures less.

## III.

Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,  
But Fav'rites of the heav'nly King  
May speak their Joys abroad.

## IV.

The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy Sky,  
And manages the Seas.

## V.

This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love,  
He shall send down his heav'nly Powers  
To carry us above.

## VI.

## VI.

There shall we see his Face,  
And never, never sin;  
There from the Rivers of his Grace  
Drink endless Pleasures in.

## VII.

Then let our Songs abound,  
And ev'ry Tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' this present World  
To fairer Worlds on high.

CXLIX. *Love to God.*

## I.

**H**APPY the Heart where Graces reign,  
Where Love inspires the Breast;  
Love is the brightest of the Train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

## II.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our Fear;  
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,  
If Love be absent there.

## III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet  
In swift Obedience move;  
The Devils know, and tremble too,  
But *Satan* cannot love.

## IV.

This is the Grace that lives and sings  
When Faith and Hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings  
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.



## V.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,  
 Or leave this dark Abode,  
 The Wings of Love bear us away  
 To see our smiling God.

CL. *A Sight of God mortifies us to the  
 World.*

## I.

U P to the glorious Worlds on high,  
 Where living Waters gently roll,  
 Fain would my Thoughts attempt to fly,  
 But Earth and Sense suppress my Soul.

## II.

O might I once mount up and see  
 The Glories of th' eternal Skies,  
 What little Things these Worlds would be?  
 How despicable to my Eyes?

## III.

Had I a Glance of thee, my God,  
 Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon,  
 Vanish as tho' I saw 'em not,  
 As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

## IV.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,  
 I should perceive the Noise no more  
 Than we can hear a shaking Leaf  
 While rattling Thunders round us roar.

## V.

Great All in All, eternal King,  
 My Heart aspires to see thy Face,  
 And all my Pow'rs admire and sing,  
 Thine endless Grandeur, and thy Grace.

CLI.

CLI. *The Pleasures of a good Conscience.*

## I.

**L**ORD, how secure and blest are they  
Whose Hearts are pure, whose Hands  
are clean,

Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth and Sea,  
Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.

## II.

The Day glides swiftly o'er their Heads  
Made up of Innocence and Love:  
And soft and silent as the Shades  
Their nightly Minutes gently move.

## III.

Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on,  
But fly not half so fast away;  
Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,  
And calm as Summer Evenings be.

## IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills,  
Where Groves of living Pleasures grow;  
And longing Hopes and chearful Smiles  
Sit undisturb'd upon their Brow.

## V.

They scorn to seek for golden Toys,  
But spend the Day, and share the Night,  
In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys  
That Heaven prepares for their Delight.

CLII. *The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.*

## I.

**T**IME! what an empty Vapour 'tis;  
And Days how swift they are!

Swift

Swift as an *Indian* Arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting Star.

## II.

Our Life is ever on the Wing,  
And Death is ever nigh ;  
The Moment when our Lives begin,  
We all begin to die.

## III.

Yet mighty God ! our fleeting Days  
Thy lasting Favours share,  
Yet, with the Bounties of thy Grace  
Thou load'st the rolling Year.

## IV.

'Tis sovereign Mercy finds us Food,  
And we are cloath'd with Love ;  
While Grace stands pointing out the Road,  
That leads our Souls above.

## V.

His Goodness runs an endless Round ;  
All Glory to the Lord !  
His Mercy never knows a Bound !  
And be his Name ador'd !

## VI.

Thus we begin the lasting Song ;  
And when we close our Eyes,  
Let the next Age thy Praise prolong  
Till Time and Nature dies.

CLIII. *The Truth of God the Promiser ; or,  
The Promises are our Security.*

## I.

**P**RAISE, everlasting Praise, be paid  
To him that Earth's Foundation laid :  
Praise

Praise to the God whose strong Decrees,  
Sway the Creation as he please.

## II.

Praise to the Goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his People by his Word,  
And there as strong as his Decrees,  
He sets his kindest Promises.

## III.

Whence then should Doubts and Fears arise?  
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes!  
Slowly, alas, our Mind receives  
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

## IV.

Oh for a strong, a lasting Faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith!  
T' obey the Precepts of his Son,  
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

## V.

Then should the Earth's old Pillars shake,  
And all the Wheels of Nature break:  
Our steady Souls should fear no more  
Than solid Rocks when Billows roar.

## VI.

Our everlasting Hopes arise  
Above the ruinable Skies,  
Where the eternal Builder reigns,  
And his own Courts his Pow'r sustains.

CLIV. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

## I.

**M**Y Soul, come, meditate the Day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When



When thou must quit this House of Clay,  
And fly to unknown Lands.

## II.

And you, mine Eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping Tomb;  
This gloomy Prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the Summons come.

## III.

Oh! could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their Stead;  
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the Dead.

## IV.

Then should we see the Saints above  
In their own glorious Forms,  
And wonder why our Souls should love  
To dwell with mortal Worms.

## V.

We should, almost, forsake our Clay  
Before the Summons come,  
And pray and wish our Souls away  
To their eternal Home.

CLV. *The Faithfulness of God in the  
Promises.*

## I.

**B**E G I N my Tongue, some heav'nly  
Theme,  
And speak some boundless Thing,  
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,  
Of our eternal King.

## II.

## II.

Proclaim *Salvation from the Lord*  
*For wretched dying Men;*  
 His Hand has writ the sacred Word  
 With an immortal Pen.

## III.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass  
 The mighty Promise shines;  
 Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raise  
 Those everlasting Lines.

## IV.

His very Word of Grace is strong  
 As that which built the Skies;  
 The Voice that rolls the Stars along  
 Speaks all the Promises.

## V.

He said, *Let the wide Heav'n be spread,*  
 And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;  
*Abra'm, I'll be thy God,* he said,  
 And he was *Abra'm's* God.

## VI.

In God the Righteous should rejoice,  
 Their Pleasures are secure!  
 His Promises are my Delight,  
 My Soul shall fear no more.

CLVI. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

## I.

**T**HE Glories of my Maker, God,  
 My joyful Voice shall sing,  
 And call the Nations to adore  
 Their Former and their King.

## II.

'Twas his Right-Hand that shap'd our Clay,  
And wrought this human Frame;  
But from his own immediate Breath  
Our nobler Spirits came.

## III.

We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our Tongues;  
We claim some Kindred with the Skies,  
And join th' angelic Songs.

## IV.

Ye Planets, to his Honour shine,  
And Wheels of Nature roll,  
Praise him in your unweary'd Course  
Around the steady Pole.

## V.

The Brightness of our Maker's Name  
The wide Creation fills,  
And his unbounded Grandeur flies  
Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

CLVII. *The Lord's Day: or, The Resur-  
rection of Christ.*

## I.

**B**LEST Morning, whose young dawning  
Rays  
Beheld our rising Lord;  
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,  
And leave his dark Abode.

## II.

In the cold Prison of a Tomb  
The dead Redeemer lay,

'Till

'Till the revolving Skies had brought  
The Third, th' appointed Day.

## III.

Hell, and the Grave, unite their Force  
To hold our Head in vain :  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble Chain.

## IV.

To thy great Name, O Blessed Lord,  
We sacred Honours pay,  
And loud *Hosanna's* shall proclaim  
The Triumph of the Day.

## V.

Salvation, and immortal Praise,  
To our victorious King :  
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and  
Seas,  
With glad *Hosanna's* ring.

CLVIII. *Repentance from a Sense of divine  
Goodness.*

## I.

**I**S this the kind Return,  
And these the Thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal Love,  
Whence all our Blessings flow !

## II.

To what a stubborn Frame  
Has Sin reduc'd our Mind !  
What strange rebellious Wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind !

## III.



## III.

On us he bids the Sun  
Shed his reviving Rays;  
For us the Skies their Circles run,  
To lengthen out our Days.

## IV.

The Brutes obey their God,  
And bow their Necks to Men;  
But we more base, more brutish Things,  
Reject his easy Reign.

## V.

Let past Ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping Eyes,  
And hourly, 'as new Mercies fall,  
Let hourly Thanks arise.

CLIX. *The Resurrection and Ascension of  
Christ.*

## I.

**H**OSANNA, to the Prince of Light,  
That cloath'd himself in Clay;  
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,  
And tore the Bars away.

## II.

Death is no more the King of Dread,  
Since our *Redeemer* rose;  
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

## III.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,  
And Triumph in his Eyes!

## IV.

## IV.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters Blessings down;  
Our *Jesus* fills a glorious Seat  
In his great Father's Throne.

## V.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,  
To reach his blest Abode,  
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs  
To our exalted Lord.

## VI.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings,  
Your sweetest Voices raise,  
Let Heaven, and all created Things,  
Sound our *Redeemer's* Praise.

CLX. *The Christian Warfare.*

## I.

**S**TAND up my Soul, shake off thy Fears,  
And gird the Gospel Armour on;  
March to the Gates of endless Joy,  
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

## II.

What tho' thine inward Lusts rebel?  
'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;  
The Weapons of victorious Grace  
Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.

## III.

Then let my Soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly Gate;  
There Peace and Joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

## IV.

## IV.

There shall I wear a starry Crown,  
And triumph in Almighty Grace;  
While all the Armies of the Skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

CLXI. *The Church saved, and her Enemies  
disappointed.*

For the Fifth of November.

## I.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys  
Thro' the whole Nations run;  
Ye *British* Skies resound the Noise  
Beyond the rising Sun.

## II.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,  
Thee our glad Voices sing,  
And join with the celestial Choir,  
To praise th' eternal King.

## III.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,  
And on the starry Skies,  
Sits smiling at the weak Designs,  
Thine envious Foes devise.

## IV.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,  
And with an awful Frown,  
Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,  
And shakes their *Babel* down.

## V.

Their secret Fires in Caverns lay,  
And we the Sacrifice;

H

But

But 'gloomy Caverns strove in vain  
To 'scape all-searching Eyes.

## VI.

In vain the busy Sons of Hell  
Still new Rebellions try,  
Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage,  
And vex away, and die.

## VII.

Almighty Grace defends our Land  
From their malicious Pow'r:  
Let *Britain* with united Songs  
Almighty Grace adore.

CLXII. *Grace and Peace by Jesus Christ.*

## I.

**R**AISE your triumphant Songs  
To an immortal Tune,  
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds,  
Celestial Grace hath done.

## II.

Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose;  
And bid him raise our wretched Race  
From their Abyss of Woes.

## III.

His Hand no Thunder bears,  
Nor Terror clothes his Brow,  
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls  
To fiercer Flames below.

## IV.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,  
And Wrath stood silent by,

When



When *Christ* was sent with Pardons down,  
To Rebels doom'd to die.

## V.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,  
Let hopeless Sorrow cease;  
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,  
And take the offer'd Peace.

## VI.

Lord, we obey thy Call;  
We lay an humble Claim  
To the Salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy Name.

CLXIII. *Triumph over Death, in Hope of  
the Resurrection.*

## I.

**A**ND must this Body die?  
This mortal Frame decay?  
And must these active Limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?

## II.

Corruption, Earth, and Worms,  
Shall but refine this Flesh,  
'Till my triumphant Spirit comes,  
To put it on afresh.

## III.

*Christ*, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often from the Skies,  
Looks down, and watches all my Dust,  
'Till he shall bid it rise.

## IV.

Array'd in glorious Grace,  
 Shall these vile Bodies shine,  
 And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,  
 Look heav'nly and divine.

## V.

These lively Hopes we owe  
 To God's amazing Love ;  
 We would adore his Grace below,  
 And sing his Pow'r above.

## VI.

Great God, accept the Praise  
 Of these our humble Songs,  
 Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise  
 With our immortal Tongues.

CLXIV. *Thanksgiving for Victory : or,  
 God's Dominion, and our Deliverance.*

## I.

**Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing,  
 The Lord assumes his Throne :  
 Let Britain own the heav'nly King,  
 And make his Glories known.

## II.

The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,  
 From their high Seats are hurl'd ;  
*Jehovah* rides upon a Cloud,  
 And thunders thro' the World.

## III.

He reigns upon th' eternal Hill,  
 Distributes mortal Crowns ;  
 Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,  
 And totter at his Frowns.

## IV.

## IV.

Navies, that rule the Ocean wide,  
 Are vanquish'd by his Breath,  
 And Legions, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,  
 Descend to watry Death.

## V.

Let Tyrants make no more Pretence  
 To vex our happy Land;  
*Jehovah's* Name is our Defence,  
 Our Buckler is his Hand.

## VI.

Long may the *King*, our Sov'reign, live  
 To rule us by his Word;  
 And all the Honours he can give,  
 Be offer'd to the Lord.

CLXV. *Angels ministring to Christ and Saints.*

## I.

**G**REAT God! to what a glorious Height  
 Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy  
 Son?

Angels, in all their Robes of Light,  
 Are made the Servants of his Throne.

## II.

Before his Feet thine Armies wait,  
 And swift as Flames of Fire they move,  
 To manage his Affairs of State,  
 In Works of Judgment, and of Love.

## III.

His Orders run through all the Hosts,  
 Legions descend at his Command,

To shield and guard the *British* Coast,  
When foreign Rage invades our Land.

## IV.

Now they are sent to guide our Feet  
Up to the Gates of thine Abode,  
Thro' all the Dangers that we meet  
In travelling the heav'nly Road.

## V.

Lord, when I leave this mortal Ground,  
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,  
Send a beloved Angel down,  
Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CLXVI. *Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

## I.

**I** SING my Saviour's wond'rous Death;  
He conquer'd when he fell:  
'Tis finish'd, said his dying Breath,  
And shook the Gates of Hell.

## II.

'Tis finish'd, our Redeemer cries,  
The dreadful Work is done:  
Hence shall his sov'reign Throne arise,  
His Kingdom is begun.

## III.

His Cross a sure Foundation laid  
For Glory and Renown,  
When thro' the Regions of the Dead  
He pass'd to reach the Crown.

## IV.

Exalted at his Father's Side  
Sits our victorious Lord;

Good



Good Men from bad his Hands divide,  
They punish and reward.

V.

The Saints, from his propitious Eye,  
Await their several Crowns,  
And all the Sons of Darkness fly  
The Terror of his Frowns.

CLXVII. *The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

I.

LET everlasting Glories crown  
Thy Head, my Saviour, and my Lord;  
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,  
And writ the Blessings in thy Word.

II.

What if we trace the Globe around,  
And search from *Britain* to *Japan*;  
There shall be no Religion found  
So just to God, so safe to Man.

III.

How well thy blessed Truths agree!  
How wise and holy thy Commands!  
Thy Promises how firm they be!  
How firm our Hope and Comfort stands!

IV.

Not the feign'd Fields of *Heath'nish* Bliss  
Could raise such Pleasure in the Mind;  
Nor does the *Turkish* Paradise  
Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.

V.

Should all the Forms that Men devise  
Assault my Faith with treach'rous Art,  
I'd call them Vanity and Lies,  
And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CLXVIII. *The Example of Christ.*

I.

**M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!  
I read my Duty in thy Word:  
But in thy Life the Law appears  
Drawn out in living Characters.

II.

Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,  
Such Deference to thy Father's Will,  
Such Love, and Meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

III.

Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air,  
Witness'd the Fervour of thy Pray'r;  
The Desert thy Temptations knew,  
Thy Conflict, and thy Vict'ry too.

IV.

Thou art my Pattern; I would bear  
More of thy gracious Image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my Name  
Amongst the Foll'wers of the Lamb.

CLXIX. *The Effusion of the Spirit: or, The  
Success of the Gospel.*

I.

**G**REAT was the Day, the Joy was great,  
When the divine Disciples met;  
Whilst

Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

## II.

What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!  
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to save!  
Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous  
Words,  
Instead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.

## III.

Thus arm'd, he sent the Champions forth,  
From *East* to *West*, from *South* to *North*:  
*Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause;*  
*Go, spread the Doctrines of his Cross.*

## IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd;  
While *Satan* rages at his Loss,  
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

## V.

Great King of Grace! my Heart subdue;  
I would be led in Triumph too,  
A willing Captive to my Lord,  
And sing the Vict'ries of his Word.

CLXX. *Sinai* and *Sion*.

## I.

**N**OT to the Terrors of the Lord,  
The Tempest, Fire, and Smoke,  
Not to the Thunder of that Word  
Which God on *Sinai* spoke.

## II.

But we are come to *Sion's* Hill,  
The City of our God;

Where milder Words declare his Will,  
And spread his Love abroad.

## III.

Behold th' innumerable Host  
Of Angels cloath'd in Light!  
Behold the Spirits of the Just,  
Whose Faith is turn'd to Sight!

## IV.

Behold the bless'd Assembly there,  
Whose Names are writ in Heaven!  
And God, the Judge of All, declare  
Their vilest Sins forgiv'n.

## V.

The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead,  
But one Communion make;  
All join in *Christ*, their living Head,  
And of his Grace partake.

## VI.

In such Society as this  
My weary Soul would rest:  
The Man that dwells where *Jesus* is  
Must be for ever bless'd.

CLXXI. *The Divine Perfections.*

## I.

**G**REAT God! thy Glories shall employ  
My holy Fear, my humble Joy;  
My Lips, in Songs of Honour, bring  
Their Tribute to th' eternal King.

## II.

Earth and the Stars, and Worlds unknown,  
Depend precarious on his Throne;

All



All Nature hangs upon his Word;  
And Grace and Glory own the Lord.

## III.

His sov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows?  
If he command, who dares oppose?  
With Strength he girds himself around,  
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.

## IV.

The Beamings of his piercing Sight  
Bring dark Hypocrisy to Light;  
Death and Destruction naked lie,  
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.

## V.

His Mercy, like a boundless Sea,  
Washes our Load of Guilt away;  
While his own Son came down and dy'd,  
To shew his Love was on our Side.

## VI.

Oh, tell me, with a gentle Voice,  
*Thou art my God*, and I'll rejoice!  
Fill'd with thy Love, I will proclaim  
The brightest Honours of thy Name.

CLXXII. *The same as the 148th Psalm.*

## I.

**T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,  
His Throne is built on high;  
The Garments he assumes  
Are Light and Majesty:

His Glories shine



With Beams so bright,  
No mortal Eye  
Can bear the Sight.

## II.

The Thunders of his Hand  
 Keep the wide World in Awe :  
 His Wrath and Justice stand  
 To guard his holy Law :

And where his Love  
 Resolves to bless,  
 His Truth confirms  
 And seals the Grace.

## III.

Thro' all his various Works  
 Surprising Wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,  
 And breaks their curs'd Designs:

Strong is his Arm,  
 And shall fulfill  
 His great Decrees,  
 His Sov'reign Will.

## IV.

And can this mighty King  
 Of Glory condescend?  
 And will he write his Name,  
*My Father and my Friend?*

I love his Name,  
 I love his Word;  
 Join all my Pow'rs  
 And praise the Lord.

CLXXIII. *The New Covenant sealed by the  
 Blood of Christ.*

## I.

**T**HE *Promise of my Father's Love*  
*Shall stand for ever good :*

He

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He said, and gave his Soul to Death,  
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

II.

To this dear Cov'nant of the Word  
I set my worthless Name;  
I seal th' Engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble Claim.

III.

The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning  
Grace,  
And Glory shall be mine;  
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,  
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

IV.

Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name  
Who show'd Men such Good-will,  
And of this Cov'nant of his Love  
Made his own Death the Seal.

CLXXIV. *Christ the Bread of Life.*

I.

LET us adore the Gracious Word,  
'Tis he our Soul has fed;  
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,  
And thou th' immortal Bread.

II.

The *Manna* came from lower Skies,  
But *Jesus* from above,  
Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,  
And Rivers flow with Love.

III.

## III.

The *Jews*, the Fathers, dyed at last,  
 Who eat the heav'nly Bread ;  
 But these Provisions which we taste,  
 Can raise us from the Dead.

## IV.

Our Souls shall draw their heav'nly Breath,  
 Whilst *Jesus* finds Supplies ;  
 Nor shall our Graces sink to Death,  
 For *Jesus* never dies.

CLXXV. *Crucifixion to the World, by the  
 Cross of Christ.*

## I.

**W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,  
 My richest Gain I count but Loss,  
 And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

## II.

Forbid it, Heav'n, that I should boast,  
 Save in this Love of God's own Son :  
 All the vain Things that charm me most,  
 I'll freely yield as he has done.

## III.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,  
 Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !  
 Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet ?  
 Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown ?

## IV.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small :  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

CLXXVI.



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CLXXVI. *The Agonies of Christ.*

I.

NOW let our Pains be all forgot,  
Our Hearts no more repine;  
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

II.

In lively Figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of Love;  
Each of us say, He dy'd for me,  
And then our Griefs remove.

III.

Grace, Wisdom, Prudence, join'd and  
wrought  
The Wonders of that Day;  
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought  
Can equal Thanks repay.

IV.

Our Hymns shall sound like those above  
Could we our Voices raise;  
Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love,  
And all our Lives be Praise.

CLXXVII. *The Compassion of our dying  
Lord.*

I.

OUR Spirits join t' adore the Lamb;  
Oh, that our feeble Lips could move  
In Strains immortal as his Name,  
And melting as his dying Love.

II.

Was ever equal Pity found?  
The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,  
And

And pours his Life out on the Ground,  
To save us from eternal Death.

## III.

In vain our mortal Voices strive  
To speak Compassion so divine:  
Had we a thousand Lives to give,  
A thousand Lives should all be thine.

CLXXVIII. *The Examples of Christ and  
his faithful Servants.*

## I.

**G**IVE me the Wings of Faith to rise,  
Within the Veil, and see  
The Saints above, how great their Joys,  
How bright their Glories be!

## II.

Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their Couch with Tears:  
And wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

## III.

I ask them, whence their Vict'ry came?  
They, with united Breath,  
Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb,  
Their Triumph to his Death.

## IV.

They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod,  
His Zeal inspir'd their Breast,  
And, foll'wing their victorious Lord,  
Possess the promis'd Rest.

H Y M N S CLXXIX, CLXXX. 185

V.

Our glorious Leader claims our Praise,  
For his own Pattern giv'n :  
While the long Cloud of Witneſſes,  
Shew the ſame Path to Heav'n.

CLXXIX. *The Bleſſedneſs of dying in the Lord.*

I.

**H**E A R what the Voice from Heav'n  
proclaims,  
For all the pious Dead,  
Sweet is the Savour of their Names  
And ſoft their ſleeping Bed.

II.

They die in Jeſus, and are bleſt ;  
How kind their Slumbers are !  
From Suff'rings and from Sin releas'd,  
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

III.

Far from this World of Toil and Strife,  
They 're preſent with the Lord :  
The Labours of their mortal Life  
End in a large Reward.

CLXXX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

I.

**G** O D, who in various Methods told  
His Mind and Will to Saints of old,  
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,,  
To teach us in the latter Days.

II.

Our Nation reads the written Word,  
That Book of Life, that true Record;  
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n  
Is by this sure Conveyance giv'n.

## III.

God's kindest Thoughts are here exprest,  
Able to make us wise and blest:  
The Doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.

## IV.

Ye *British* Isles who read his Love,  
In fair Epistles from above;  
(He hath not sent his sacred Word  
To ev'ry Land) praise ye the Lord.

CLXXXI. *Victory over Death.*

## I.

**O** FOR an overcoming Faith!  
To chear my dying Hours;  
To triumph o'er the Monster Death,  
And all his frightful Pow'rs.

## II.

Joyful with all the Strength I have,  
My quiv'ring Lips should sing,  
*Where is thy boasted Vict'ry, Grave?  
And where's the Monster's Sting?*

## III.

Now to the God of Victory,  
Immortal Thanks be paid,  
Who makes us Conqu'ers while we die,  
Thro' *Christ* our living Head.



CLXXXII. *The dying Christian's Farewel.*

## I.

YE golden Lamps of Heav'n farewel,  
With all your feeble Light :  
Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,  
Pale Empress of the Night.

## II.

And thou refulgent Orb of Day  
In brighter Flames array'd,  
My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,  
No more demands thy Aid.

## III.

Ye Stars are but the shining Dust  
Of my divine Abode,  
The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.

## IV.

The Father of eternal Light  
Shall there his Beams display ;  
Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix  
With that unvaried Day.

## V.

No more the Drops of piercing Grief  
Shall swell into mine Eyes ;  
Nor the Meridian Sun decline  
Amidst those brighter Skies.

## VI.

There all the Millions of his Saints  
Shall in our Songs unite,  
And each the Bliss of all shall view  
With infinite Delight.

CLXXXIII.

CLXXXIII. *God's Name a Foundation of Trust.*

## I.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various, and his saving Names;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure Experience known!

## II.

Let great *Jehovah* be ador'd,  
Th' Eternal, All-sufficient Lord,  
He thro' the World most high confess'd,  
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

## III.

Awake our noblest Pow'rs to blefs  
The God of *Abra'm*, God of Peace;  
Now by a dearer Title known,  
Father and God of Christ his Son.

## IV.

Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear  
Is open to his Servants Pray'r,  
Nor can one humble Soul complain,  
That it has sought it's God in vain.

## V.

What unbelieving Heart shall dare  
In Whispers to suggest a Fear?  
While still he owns his ancient Name,  
The same his Pow'r, his Love the same.

## VI.

To thee our Souls in Faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting Eyes;  
And boldly thro' the Desert tread,  
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV. *God the Happiness of his People, and their Support in the extremest Distress.*

## I.

**M**Y God, whose all-pervading Eye  
Views Earth beneath, and Heav'n  
above ;

Witness, if here, or there thou seest  
An Object of mine equal Love.

## II.

Not the gay Scenes, where mortal Men  
Pursue their Bliss, and find their Woe ;  
Detain my rising Heart, which springs  
The nobler Joys of Heav'n to know.

## III.

Not all the fairest Sons of Light,  
That lead the Army round thy Throne,  
Can bound its Flight ; it presseth on,  
And seeks its Rest in God alone.

## IV.

Fix'd near the immortal Source of Bliss,  
Dauntless and joyous it surveys,  
Each Form of Horror and Distress,  
That Earth, combin'd with Hell, can raise.

## V.

This feeble Flesh shall faint, and die ;  
This Heart renew its Pulse no more ;  
Ev'n now it views the Moment nigh,  
When Life's last Movements all are o'er.

## VI.

But come, thou vanquish'd King of Dread,  
With thine own Hand thy Pow'r destroy ;  
'Tis

'Tis thine to bear my Soul to God,  
My Portion, and eternal Joy.

CLXXXV. God *the Protector of good  
Men.*

## I.

**T**HOU, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing  
Scene

Hast to thy Saints a Refuge been;  
Thro' ev'ry Age, Eternal God,  
Their pleasing Home, their safe Abode.

## II.

In thee our Fathers sought their Rest;  
In thee our Fathers still are blest;  
And, while the Tomb confines their Dust,  
In thee their Souls abide, and trust.

## III.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble Race,  
A while to fill our Fathers Place;  
Our helpless State with Pity view,  
And let us share their Refuge too.

## IV.

Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace  
In this uncertain Wilderness,  
When Friends desert, and Foes invade,  
Revive our Heart, and guard our Head.

## V.

So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell in Flesh no more,  
To thee our sep'rate Souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer Home.

## VI.



## VI.

To thee our Infant Race we leave ;  
 Them may their Father's God receive ;  
 That Voices yet unform'd may raise  
 Succeeding Hymns of humble Praise.

CLXXXVI. *The Mutability of the Creation,  
 and the Immutability of God.*

## I.

**G**REAT Former of this various  
 Frame !

Our Souls adore thine awful Name ;  
 And bow and tremble while they praise  
 The Ancient of eternal Days.

## II.

Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd Survey  
 Saw'st Nature rising Yesterday ;  
 And, as To-morrow, shall thine Eye  
 See Earth, and Stars, in Ruin lye.

## III.

Beyond an Angel's Vision bright,  
 Thou dwell'st in self-existent Light ;  
 Which shines with undiminis'd Ray,  
 While Suns, and Worlds in Smoke decay.

## IV.

Our Days a transient Period run,  
 And change with ev'ry circling Sun ;  
 And in the firmest State we boast  
 A Moth can crush us into Dust.

## V.

But let the Creatures fall around :  
 Let Death consign us to the Ground :

Let

Let the last gen'ral Flame arise  
And melt the Arches of the Skies.

## VI.

Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we  
Can all the Wreck of Nature see,  
While Grace secures us an Abode,  
Unshaken as the Throne of God.

CLXXXVII. *The innumerable Mercies of  
God thankfully acknowledged.*

## I.

**I**N glad Amazement, Lord, I stand  
Amidst the Bounties of thy Hand:  
How numberless those Bounties are!  
How rich, how various, and how fair!

## II.

But O! what poor Returns I make!  
What lifeless Thanks I pay thee back!  
Lord, I confess with humble Shame,  
My Off'rings scarce deserve the Name.

## III.

Fain would my lab'ring Heart devise  
To bring some nobler Sacrifice:  
It sinks beneath the mighty Load,  
What shall I render to my God?

## IV.

To him I consecrate my Praise,  
And vow the Remnant of my Days;  
Yet what at best can I pretend,  
Worthy such Gifts from such a Friend?

## V.

In deep Abasement, Lord, I see  
My Emptiness and Poverty :  
Enrich my Soul with Grace divine,  
And make it worthier to be thine.

## VI.

Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,  
That Heav'n may echo with my Song ;  
The Theme, too great for Time, shall be  
The Joy of long Eternity.

CLXXXVIII. *Praising God through the  
whole of our Existence.*

## I.

**G**OD of my Life, thro' all its Days  
My grateful Pow'rs shall sound thy  
Praise ;

The Song shall wake with op'ning Light,  
And warble to the silent Night.

## II.

When anxious Cares would break my Rest,  
And Griefs would tear my throbbing Breast,  
Thy tuneful Praises rais'd on high  
Shall check the Murmur, and the Sigh.

## III.

When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,  
And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,  
Joy thro' my swimming Eyes shall break,  
And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.

## IV.

But O ! when that last Conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to Flesh no more,

## I

With

With what glad Accents shall I rise  
To join the Music of the Skies.

## V.

Soon shall I learn th' exalted Strains,  
Which echo o'er the heav'nly Plains;  
And emulate with Joy unknown,  
The glowing *Seraphs* round thy Throne.

## VI.

The chearful Tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless Soul can live;  
A Work so sweet, a Theme so high  
Demands, and crowns Eternity.

CLXXXIX. *The Goodness of God appearing in the whole Frame of Nature, an Argument to praise and love him.*

## I.

**L**ORD, thou art good : all Nature  
shews  
Thee full, and free, and kind :  
Thy Bounty through Creation flows,  
Nor can it be confin'd.

## II.

The whole and ev'ry Part proclaims  
Unlimited Good-will :  
It shines in Stars, and flows in Streams,  
And broods on ev'ry Hill.

## III.

It spreads through all the spreading Main,  
And Hea'vns which spread more wide :  
It drops in ev'ry Show'r of Rain,  
And rolls on ev'ry Tide.

## IV.



## IV.

This makes the heav'nly People sing,  
And fills their Hearts with Mirth :  
Supplies and comforts ev'ry Thing,  
That lives and moves on Earth.

## V.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free,  
Thro' Ages past and gone :  
Nor ever can exhausted be,  
But still keeps flowing on.

## VI.

Still on this all it pours Supplies,  
Spreads Joy thro' ev'ry Part :  
Lord, let such Goodness draw mine Eyes,  
And captivate my Heart.

## VII.

Let it high Admiration raise,  
And strong Affection move :  
Employ my Tongue in Songs of Praise,  
And fill mine Heart with Love.

CXC. *Glorify God with your Bodies and Spi-  
rits, which are his.*

## I.

**Y**ES, Lord, since I am wholly thine  
I'll give thee ev'ry Thing that's mine ;  
My Body, Soul, and Substance too :  
'Tis only yielding up thy Due.

## II.

My Mind, and all its Pow'rs shall be,  
Henceforth devoted all to thee :  
I'll think and chuse, resolve and love,  
As thou shalt dictate and approve.

## I 2

## III;

## III.

For thee my Wealth shall be enjoy'd,  
My Time and Strength for thee employ'd;  
And ev'ry Appetite and Sense,  
Restrain'd from giving thee Offence.

## IV.

For thee I'll Health and Ease forego,  
I'll Pain endure, and welcome Woe:  
Nor when requir'd will I refuse  
My very Life for thee to lose.

## V.

Thus still to act, is to pursue  
The End I still should have in View:  
And whilst I live, and when I die,  
My gracious God to glorify.

CXCI. *Giving Thanks to God always in all Things.*

## I.

**Y**ES, Lord, my joyful Thanks to  
thee,  
Shall, like my Debts, continual be:  
In constant Streams thy Bounty flows,  
Nor End, nor Intermiſſion knows;

## II.

Thy Kindness all my Comforts gives,  
My num'rous Wants thine Hand relieves;  
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,  
Who live on thine exhaustless Store.

## III.

If what I wish thy Will denies,  
'Tis because thou art good and wise:

Afflictions

Afflictions which may make me mourn,  
Thou canst, thou dost to Blessings turn.

## IV.

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful Breast,  
Let all thy Favours be imprest,  
That I may never more forget  
The Sum, or any single Debt.

## V.

I would with grateful Heart each Day,  
For thy Bequests my Praises pay;  
And always well-dispos'd would be,  
*In all Things to give Thanks to thee.*

CXCII. *The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.* Psalm I.

## I.

**T**HE Man is ever blest  
Who shuns the Sinner's Ways,  
Among their Counsels never stands,  
Nor takes the Scorners's Place.

## II.

But makes the Law of God  
His Study and Delight,  
Amidst the Labours of the Day,  
And Watches of the Night.

## III.

He like a Tree shall thrive,  
With Waters near the Root:  
Fresh as the Leaf his Name shall live,  
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

## IV.

Not so th' ungodly Race,  
 They no such Blessings find :  
 Their Hopes shall flee like empty Chaff  
 Before the driving Wind.

## V.

How will they bear to stand  
 Before that Judgment-Seat,  
 Where all the Saints at *Christ's* Right-hand  
 In full Assembly meet ?

## VI.

He knows, and he approves  
 The Way the Righteous go ;  
 But Sinners and their Works shall meet  
 A dreadful Overthrow.

CXCIII. *Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ; or, Duties to God and Man ; or, The Qualifications of a Christian.*

## Psalm XV.

## I.

**W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly Place,  
 Great God, and dwell before thy  
 Face ?

The Man that minds Religion now,  
 And humbly walks with God below.

## II.

Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is  
 clean ;

Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean ;  
 No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue :  
 He hates to do his Neighbour wrong.

## III.



III.

Scarce will he trust an ill Report,  
Nor vents it to his Neighbour's Hurt :  
Sinners of State he can despise,  
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.

IV.

Firm to his Word he ever stood,  
And always makes his Promise good ;  
Nor dares to change the Thing he swears,  
Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.

V.

He never deals in bribing Gold,  
And mourns that Justice should be sold :  
While others gripe and grind the Poor,  
Sweet Charity attends his Door.

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays  
For those that curse him to his Face :  
And doth to all Men still the same  
That he would hope or wish from them.

CXCIV. *The divine Perfections celebrated.*  
Psalm LVII.

I.

**B**E thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the Heav'ns where Angels  
dwell ;

Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,  
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

II.

My Heart is fix'd ; my Song shall raise  
Immortal Honours to thy Name ;

Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise,  
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

## III.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost Sky;  
His Truth to endless Years remains  
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

## IV.

Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;  
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,  
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

CXCV. *A Call to Worship.* Psalm XCV.

## I.

**S**ING to the Lord *Jehovah's* Name,  
And in his Strength rejoice;  
When his Salvation is our Theme,  
Exalted be our Voice.

## II.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,  
And Psalms of Honour sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,  
The whole Creation's King.

## III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know,  
How mean their Natures seem,  
Those Gods on high and Gods below,  
When once compar'd with Him.

## IV.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep  
Lies in his spacious Hand;

He

He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,  
And where the Hills must stand.

## V.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his Face;  
O may the Creatures of his Power  
Be Children of his Grace!

## VI.

Now is the Time, He bends his Ear,  
And waits for your Request;  
Come, lest he rouse his Wrath, and swear,  
“*Ye shall not see my Rest.*”

CXCVI. God's *universal Dominion*; or,  
*Angels praise the Lord.* Psalm CIII.

## I.

**T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,  
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;  
O'er all the heavenly World he rules,  
And all beneath the Sky.

## II.

Ye Angels, great in Might,  
And swift to do his Will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,  
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

## III.

Let the bright Hosts who wait  
The Orders of their King,  
And guard his Churches when they pray,  
Join in the Praise they sing.

## IV.

While all his wondrous Works  
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew  
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,  
Shalt sing his Graces too.

CXCVII. *The Perfections of GOD.*

Psalm CXI.

## I.

**G**REAT is the Lord; his Works of  
Might  
Demand our noblest Songs;  
Let his assembled Saints unite  
Their Harmony of Tongues.

## II.

Great is the Mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his Children Food;  
And ever mindful of his Word,  
He makes his Promise good.

## III.

His Son the great Redeemer came  
To seal his Covenant sure:  
Holy and reverend is his Name,  
His Ways are just and pure.

## IV.

They that would grow divinely wise  
Must with his Fear begin;  
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies  
In hating every Sin.

CXCVIII.



CXCVIII. God *Sovereign and Gracious.*  
Psalm CXIII.

## I.

**Y**E Servants of th' Almighty King,  
In every Age his Praises sing;  
Where'er the Sun shall rise or set,  
The Nations shall his Praise repeat.

## II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky  
Stands his high Throne of Majesty:  
Nor Time nor Place his Power restrain,  
Nor bound his universal Reign.

## III.

Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,  
Or Angels with their God compare?  
His Glories how divinely bright,  
Who dwells in uncreated Light!

## IV.

Behold his Love: He stoops to view  
What Saints above and Angels do;  
And condescends yet more to know  
The mean Affairs of Men below.

## V.

From Dust and Cottages obscure  
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;  
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,  
And fits them for their heavenly Thrones.

204 P S A L M S CXXXIII, CXXXVI.

CXCIX. *Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family.* Psalm CXXXIII.

I.

**B** L E S T are the Sons of Peace,  
Whose Hearts and Hopes are One,  
Whose kind Designs to serve and please  
Thro' all their Actions run.

II.

Blest is the pious House  
Where Zeal and Friendship meet,  
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows  
Make their Communion sweet.

III.

Thus when on *Aaron's* Head  
They pour'd the rich Perfume,  
The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,  
And Pleasure fill'd the Room.

IV.

Thus on the heavenly Hills  
The Saints are blest above,  
Where Joy like Morning Dew distils,  
And all the Air is Love.

CC. *God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.* Psalm CXXXVI.

I.

**G** I V E to our God immortal Praise!  
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways:  
*Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.*

II.

Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,  
The King of Kings with Glory crown:

*His*

*His Mercies ever shall endure  
When Lords and Kings are known no more.*

III.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,  
And fix'd the starry Lights on high;  
*Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.*

IV.

He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,  
He bids the Moon direct the Night:  
*His Mercies ever shall endure,  
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.*

V.

He sent his Son with Power to save  
From Guilt and Darknes and the Grave:  
*Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.*

VI.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly Seat:  
*His Mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain World shall be no more.*

CCI. *The Greatness of God.* Psalm CXLV.

I.

**L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,  
My King, my God of Love;  
My Work and Joy shall be the same  
In the bright World above.

II.

Great is the Lord, his Power unknown;  
And let his Praise be great:

I'll

I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,  
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

## III.

Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue;  
And while my Lips rejoice,  
The Men that hear my sacred Song  
Shall join their chearful Voice.

## IV.

Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,  
And Children learn thy Ways;  
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,  
And Nations sound thy Praise.

## V.

Thy glorious Deeds of antient Date  
Shall thro' the World be known;  
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State  
With public Splendour shown.

## VI.

The world is manag'd by thy Hands,  
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;  
And thine eternal Kingdom stands  
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

CCII. *The Goodness of God.* Psalm CXLV.

## I.

**S**WEET is the Memory of thy Grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness  
In Sounds of Glory sing.

## II.

God reigns on high, but not confines  
His Goodness to the Skies;

Thro'



Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines  
And every want supplies.

III.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait  
On thee for daily Food,  
Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat,  
And fills their Mouths with Good.

IV.

How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine Anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pardoning Word  
To cheer the Souls he loves.

V.

Creatures with all their endless Race  
Thy Power and Praise proclaim;  
But Saints that taste thy richer Grace  
Delight to bless thy Name.

CCIII. *Universal Praise.* Psalm CXLVIII.

I.

**L**ET every Creature join  
To praise th' eternal God;  
Ye heavenly Hosts, the Song begin,  
And sound his Name abroad.

II.

Thou Sun with golden Beams,  
And Moon with paler Rays,  
Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames  
Shine to your Maker's Praise.

III.

He built those Worlds above,  
And fix'd their wondrous Frame;

By

By his Command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his Name.

## IV.

Ye Vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow,  
Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,  
His Power and Glory show.

## V.

Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,  
Agree to Praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful Storms conspire  
To execute his Word.

## VI.

By all his Works above  
His Honours be exprest;  
But Saints that taste his saving Love  
Should sing his Praises best.

CCIV. *Praise God, all his Saints.*

Psalm CXLIX.

## I.

**A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,  
And let your Songs be new;  
Amidst the Church with chearful Voice  
His later Wonders shew.

## II.

The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing;  
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praise  
While *Zion* owns her King.

III.

## III.

The Lord takes Pleasure in the Just,  
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn :  
The Meek that lie despis'd in Dust  
Salvation shall adorn.

## IV.

Saints should be joyful in their King  
E'en on a dying Bed :  
And like the Souls in Glory sing,  
For God shall raise the Dead.

## V.

When *Christ* his Judgment Seat ascends,  
And bids the World appear,  
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends  
Who humbly lov'd him here.

CCV. *A Song of Praise.* Psalm CL.

## I.

**I**N God's own House pronounce his  
Praise,  
His Grace he there reveals ;  
To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raise,  
For there his Glory dwells.

## II.

Let all your sacred Passions move,  
While you rehearse his Deeds ;  
But the great Work of saving Love  
Your highest Praise exceeds.

## III.

All that have Motion, Life and Breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,  
My Soul shall praise him best.

CCVI.

CCVI. *God's Word most excellent ; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.* Psalm XIX.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

**B**E H O L D the Morning Sun  
Begins his glorious Way ;  
His Beams thro' all the Nations run,  
And Life and Light convey.

II.

But where the Gospel comes  
It spreads diviner Light,  
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,  
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

How perfect is thy Word !  
And all thy Judgments just ;  
For ever sure thy Promise, Lord,  
And Men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy Directions giv'n !  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the Path to Heaven !

CCVII. *Love to God and our Neighbour.*

I.

**T**H U S saith the first, the great Com-  
mand,

“ Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite  
“ To love thy Maker and thy God  
“ With utmost Vigour and Delight.

II.



## II.

“ Then shall thy Neighbour next in Place.  
 “ Share thine Affections and Esteem,  
 “ And let thy Kindness to thyself  
 “ Measure and rule thy Love to him.

## III.

This is the Sense that *Moses* spoke,  
 This did the Prophets preach and prove,  
 For want of this the Law is broke,  
 And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.

## IV.

But oh ! how base our Passions are !  
 How cold our Charity and Zeal !  
 Lord, fill our Souls with heavenly Fire,  
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy Will.

CCVIII. Christ Jesus *the Lamb of God,*  
*worshipped by all the Creation.*

## I.

COME let us join our chearful Songs  
 With Angels round the Throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,  
 But all their Joys are one.

## II.

*Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,* they cry,  
*To be exalted thus ;*  
*Worthy the Lamb,* our Lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.

## III.

*Jesus* is worthy to receive  
 Honour and Power divine ;  
 And Blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

## IV.

## IV.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,  
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,  
Conspire to lift thy Glories high,  
And speak thine endless Praise.

## V.

The whole Creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.



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